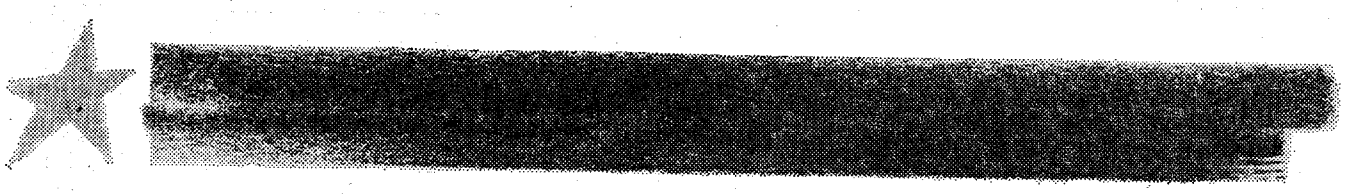
THE
NATION

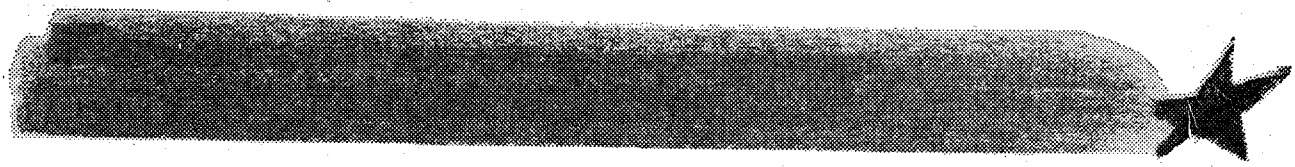
SEPTEMBER 19, 1959 . . 25c



Atomic-Waste Case No. II

'HOT' DUMPING OFF BOSTON

Grace DesChamps



DETROIT DISCOVERS THE CONSUMER

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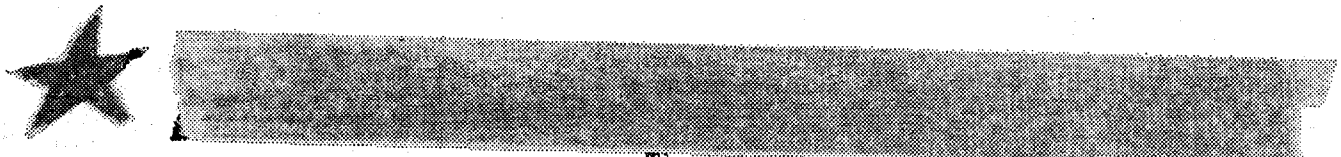
Algeria at the U. N. *Mario Rossi*

And What Will France Do? *Alexander Werth*



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LETTERS

Gelding the Hero

Dear Sirs: If the expansion of *Nation* articles into full-length books becomes a trend, I nominate Emile Capouya's "Apropos of Don Juan" [August 29 issue] as the next. The potentialities, in scope and depth, of his key ideas in this acute and evocative essay are limitless. Not only has the revolutionary Don Juan been devaluated and gelded to serve reactionary ends; so have numerous other legendary figures. Christ, Buddha, Robin Hood come readily to mind. And in our own time and culture, Shaw, Twain, Roosevelt, Darrow—the process is continuous.

In Mexico, numerous scholars are now seeking the same devaluation of another popular hero, Pancho Villa. The man's dynamic part in the struggle against a crushing feudalism is now being played down in the official textbooks, with increasing emphasis upon his banditry and cruelty — with the rationalization that these "impurities" reflect upon the ideals of the Revolution. In effect, this is a draining-off of a people's drive for fundamental change by the erosion of a symbol. Thus in Mexico, too, the soft-boiled eggheads are proving themselves the precious darlings of the brothel, not only to the madam but to the owners of the house.

JOHN BRIGHT

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Montana Affair

[*The following communications relate to an editorial paragraph which appeared in* The Nation *of August 15; a communication from Mr. Robert O. Bowen was carried in this column September 5.*]

Dear Sirs: Your editorial "Belated Smear" is misleading and inaccurate, and casts aspersion on a very fine writer, excellent teacher and close friend of mine, Robert O. Bowen. Mr. Bowen left Montana State University in August, 1958, by the way, and is now teaching at the University of Washington. I have corresponded with Mr. Bowen since 1956, when he joined the staff at Montana State, and I was aware of the difficulties he encountered during his two years there.

Mr. Bowen is a very honest and forthright person. He dislikes hypocrisy, double-dealing and the autocratic misuse of power, as do most of us, but unlike most of us he does not hesitate to speak out against these human failings. Mandarins have never been able to tolerate the gadflies of truth, and Mr. Bowen, because he was no sycophant and did not conform to the gentlemen's agreement in such matters, was made to suffer for his honesty. Fortunately, as he is a nationally reputable author and has behind him successful teaching experience at such centers of creative writing as Cornell University and the State University of Iowa, Mr. Bowen did not have to continue taking this punishment.

Your recent editorial has done Robert O. Bowen an injustice.

PAUL C. STEELE
Assistant Professor of
English Composition
The George Washington University

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I feel some injustice has been done by your calling Robert O. Bowen, the American novelist, "ambitious" without defining your term and without enlarging upon the entire case or problem at Montana University.

I wonder if you'd first of all care to define in what sense you use the word, *ambitious.* Ambitious in the sense of Caesar or, say, William Faulkner? I've known Bowen as his student and as a peer for quite a few years, and I would say that although he is ambitious to be a good writer and an effective teacher, it ends there. On the other hand, I would say Dr. Fiedler earns the tag "ambitious" in the apparent *Nation* sense. That is to say, he got his Ph.D. in his twenties, worked his way up to the head of English at Montana, and began to publish widely in his thirties. He once wrote an essay, "Come Back to the Raft, Honey," which was more of an ambitious article than a scholarly one; i.e., it attracted attention to Fiedler, rather than Twain.

So—both Bowen and Fiedler are ambitious—but since when, in America, has *ambition* become a pejorative term?

If Fiedler is an ex-Commie, I imagine Bowen has every right to say so. Possibly Bowen may have quoted Fiedler out of context, but if this is so, I'd imagine it was done only in the sense of retaliation for a year or more of undercover abuse at Montana University. There, so I understand, the pro-Fiedler camp was often guilty of quoting Bowen "out of context" in an effort to undermine his writing classes.

L. W. MICHAELSON
Instructor in English
Colorado State University

Fort Collins, Colo.

Back Issues Available

Dear Sirs: I have in my possession a nearly complete set of *The Nation* dating back to about 1927. I would be willing to give the set to any non-profit organization, or sell it for a token sum to any private individual. I can be reached at 62 Overbrook Place, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

MORTON RAPP

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 8

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

We Can Be Stupid, Too

Laos is a country so primitive that some of its three million inhabitants have no idea that they are Laotians, while others, though aware of the fact, couldn't care less. Into this political and economic morass the United States has, in the past five years, poured $225 million in military and economic aid, and is now engaged in pouring in more millions. If we are to judge by similar performances elsewhere, most of this so-called aid has been military. The results have been feeble, as the present outcries of the Royal Laos Army attest. It is opposed by a force of not more than 5,000 men, the hard core of which consists of two disaffected Pathet Laos battalions which, by the 1954 Geneva armistice agreement, were to have been integrated into the regular army. They were double-crossed, according to their claim; according to the Royal Government, it was necessary to disarm them. The 25,000-man Laos army proved unequal to the task of subduing 1,500 rebellious soldiers, even with American (and some French) help. It may be that the more we help, the worse off the Laos government is. Senator Mike Mansfield points out that in 1953, American representation in Laos consisted of two State Department officials; today it consists of several hundred assorted soldiers and bureaucrats, including the specially helpful operatives of the Central Intelligence Agency. Yet things keep getting worse and worse.

Under the circumstances, the action of the United Nations in dispatching only a fact-finding mission is prudent. The right-wingers in the State Department have seized the occasion to launch the usual inflammatory broadcasts against Hanoi, Moscow and Peking, and their colleagues in Congress have suggested that the invitation to Khrushchev be cancelled. But nobody is certain of what is happening, and whatever is happening seems to be the result of American and Laotian political conspiracy as much as of the Communist propensity to upset the status quo wherever and whenever possible. The British were caught flat-footed by the whole affair and, although they automatically support American action in the Security Council, still affirm that they have no evidence that Laos is a victim of external aggression. Even Joseph Alsop, calling for an ultimatum to North Vietnam as the only way to "save" Laos, seems to have compunctions. He remarks that Laotion leaders, from the Crown Prince Regent downwards, warned that abandonment of the former neutralist policy of Laos (which was the aim and meaning of the Geneva Convention) would provoke Communist "aggression." He calls the action of the Laotian government in getting rid of the International Control Commission (Canadian, Polish and Indian) a "most provocative step."

If Alsop is right, the untutored American may well ask how, why, and by whose authority did we get into this mess? Did the President know? Who in the State Department planned it? What was the role of the C.I.A.? Are we consciously trying to be as maladroit as the Chinese Reds, or do these things just happen?

Is This Public Service?

Five days before the arrival here of Nikita Khrushchev, the Allen-Bradley Company of Milwaukee took full-page newspaper ads to warn the public against the blandishments of a man "reputed to be one of history's most brutal murderers and most vicious liars." Maintaining this tone, which recalls Communist rhetoric at its most hysterical, the ad declares that to Mr. Khrushchev the slogan "'Peace and Friendship' means the total enslavement of all nations, of all peoples, of all things, under the God-denying Communist conspiracy." We are warned against making any "concessions, any appeasements, any 'deals'" lest by so doing we become "his greatest captive nation."

Well, this is a free country, and one of the unavoidable embarrassments of freedom is that our citizens can publicly insult visiting dignitaries if they see fit. Mr. Khrushchev does not strike us as a thin-skinned man, and we have no doubt that he will survive being called a murderer, enslaver and liar. But he may be puzzled as to why the Allen-Bradley Company in particular is willing to spend good money to attack him. A possible

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explanation is that Allen-Bradley manufactures "quality motor controls and quality electronic components" and that the trade press currently estimates that at least a third of the output of the components branch of the electronic industry is produced for the government under defense contracts. Therefore, "Peace and Friendship" is not a slogan that would appeal to Allen-Bradley's board of directors, nor are the directors likely to approve of any international visits that might slow the momentum of the cold war.

The ad says that it is "trying to sell . . . nothing except the importance of recognizing and understanding the horrible threat" etc. In effect, it is trying to sell hate and fear because hate and fear stimulate the sale of electronic components. The ad also calls Mr. Khrushchev hypocritical, and all reasonable men must operate on the assumption that this must be so. Allen-Bradley, however, has forfeited the right to employ that particular epithet.

Then and Now

Our public attitudes are like our children: we live so close to them that it is almost impossible to see how rapidly and strikingly they change. To judge the difference that a few years can make, you need a point of reference (like that snapshot of Ruthie in her first party dress), and for public attitudes these mementos are not so readily at hand.

A convenient and welcome gauge, therefore, are the old feature movies that run on television; and a startling example of quick mental mutation is exposed by comparing the pre-1948 World War II films to be found on the home screens in the late evening with the new model now offered in the theatres. Watching some of the more recent products—*The Young Lions*, for example, or *Fraulein*, or *The Enemy Below*—you might recall the Nazis as a bunch of great chaps who played on the other team. But go back on TV a few years—to *Mortal Storm, Four Sons, Hitler's Children, Action in the North Atlantic, Arch of Triumph*—and you are reminded that the Nazis really were desperate men who used obscene means in pursuit of a diseased end.

As time passes, and the later films become available, the TV Nazi will also become indistinguishable from an opposing fullback; then we shall have to go to the movie archives to find what people who could remember thought of Hitler's crusaders. This is not said to fix the blame on the movie industry; pictures are not history, they are mirrors reflecting our own views of the moment on truth, virtue and duty. In fifteen years, the German menace has become the German responsibility. By one of the greatest ironies in history, we have come to feel that the welfare of Germany is our first concern in world affairs. Solidarity is surely a more useful impulse than hate, though it is well to consider with whom you are being solid. And for the sake of our own sanity, and the good opinion of our children, we should make some attempt to remember that the Nazis were not just fellows who played hard on the losing side. The films of Belsen and Buchenwald also exist.

Can't Marry Your Sister, Can't Vote Either

A gigantic charade of hyprocrisy and dirty politics is being spelled out in Washington on the civil-rights issue. Senator Wayne Morse, an old hand at ferreting out skulduggery, has almost single-handedly brought it into the open, for which he can expect only his usual portion of abuse. A coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans rammed the Landrum-Griffin anti-labor bill through the House and, in its essentials, through the Senate. The *quid pro quo* is that no civil-rights bill worthy of the name will reach the floor of either the House or the Senate. Lyndon Johnson, carrying water on both shoulders, may avow that some form of civil-rights legislation will be passed by the Senate, but the Administration's Congressional leaders will see to it that his promise, if kept, will be wholly innocuous. The Federal Government will not, as Senator Strom Thurmond puts it, "further rape the rights of the states and the people," i.e., will do nothing to enable Negroes to vote in the deep South. The neat way of handling this situation would have been to adjourn Congress before the devil incarnate, Nikita Khrushchev, was due in Washington. But Morse, the old spoilsport, refused to go along.

A sidelight on this issue is the sudden shift of popular Southern feeling from the realm of sex to the prosaic realities of political and economic exploitation. The usual excuse for not mixing the races in the schools is that a wave of miscegenation would sweep over the South. Abruptly, however, the anguish has left these overloaded parental bosoms, and fear of Negro voters has rushed into the vacuum thus created. The Negro must have his head bashed in whether he whistles at a white girl or applies for registration as a voter. And many of the legislators will go right along with the underlying thesis that the Negro must be kept in his place as a second-class, unfranchised citizen.

The Public Be Damned

Commodore Vanderbilt at least was forthright. The Federal Government nowadays acts on the principle he so eloquently enunciated, but it does so in secret, and with the mealy-mouthed pretense that it is all done for the public's good. In this concept, the public is so child-like that ignorance is good for it. The Government knows best, the Government will decide.

Nowhere is this modern version of the insolence of

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office more evident than in the field of radioactivity. Grace DesChamps' article on page 144 of this issue shows how citizens literally don't know what is going on around them in matters vitally affecting their health and welfare. Who could have guessed that for thirteen years the Atomic Energy Commission has been licensing the dumping of hot radioactive wastes in fifty fathoms of water twelve miles out of Boston harbor, in containers with an estimated life of ten years? Or that some of the wastes of the Hiroshima bomb were interred in this particular disposal dump, so near the place where the Pilgrim Fathers landed? As far as the AEC is concerned, the descendants of the Pilgrims would hardly know more of radioactivity than their forefathers.

It is the same all over the country; as the AEC goes, so go the other bureaucracies. In Portland, Oregon, Dr. Alan M. MacEwan, a research biologist, is suing the state board of health for the right to examine data compiled for the Federal Government on local radioactivity. In Washington, D.C., Edward Gamarekian, the vigilant science reporter of the Washington *Post*, discovered that a "security lid" has been clamped down on the Army's program of preserving foods with atomic radiation. It seems that a small amount of residual radiation was induced in the foodstuffs thus treated, so that it was found desirable to discontinue feeding human volunteers under the program for the present. The effect itself is nothing to get excited about; what is offensive is the stand attributed to the Army's director of research and development — that the public is not entitled to information in this field.

An alert press corps could be a force in inducing public servants to take the public into their confidence. But why should public servants need assistance? And who gave them the authority to revise, surreptitiously, the theories of democracy on which this Republic was founded? If they have a better theory, let them expound it, but since they have so little confidence in their fellow citizens, we can hardly expect them to have that much confidence in themselves.

The Dilemma

Congressman Charles O. Porter suggests that a mission should be sent to China, "made up of members of Congress, journalists, businessmen and experts, to look into the conditions and potential of trade with the United States." A first reaction to the proposal is to rule it out of order on the ground that recognition should precede the sending of such a mission and that the State Department cannot abnegate the responsibility of deciding whether to recognize or not recognize a particular regime. But at this point the dilemma begins to take shape — a dilemma which the State Department itself has largely brought about. Given the peculiar facts of Chinese-American relations, how can the department acquire the facts and background on which a sensible recommendation might be based? For over a decade we have insulated ourselves from the Chinese with a thoroughness which a designer of high-tension electrical equipment might envy. No reports directly from China have reached the State Department from its representatives, nor has the department been able to benefit from the informed conclusions and observations of American newsmen on the ground. Even such distinguished unofficial travelers and observers as William O. Douglas and Averell Harriman have been denied permission to visit the forbidden country. The personnel of the department has been purged of all who might give due weight to the facts, were they available.

Mr. Porter's suggestion is admittedly irregular, but special cases call for special remedies. If the State Department is so myopic that it cannot "see" China, then by all means let us use the device of a "mission" to rediscover this land of 650,000,000 people.

Cheers for an Unbalanced Budget

UNICEF, the United Nations Children's fund, is suffering, appropriately enough, from growing pains. Reports presented recently to the organization's Executive Board show that, for the first time in its admirable history, UNICEF will be bursting out of its budget in 1960 unless its supporters come to the rescue.

UNICEF is proud to say that its financial problem is of its own making. Established originally to take over from UNRRA the job of providing the children of war-torn Europe with supplementary foods — largely milk — it has since joined with other U.N.-affiliated agencies to educate mothers to raise better babies. As its reputation for good works spreads, more mouths were added to UNICEF's milk route in the chronically hungry areas of the world; and requests for help grew, not lessened, as living standards rose slowly in underdeveloped countries.

So this year, the organization's Executive Board heard that requests for UNICEF assistance are at an all-time high. Yet receipts this year — estimated at $22,500,000 — are a half-million under last year. This is because until now the United States was prepared to match all other contributions on a 50-50 basis, whereas this year the matching basis is United States 52.5 per cent, all other countries 47.5 per cent. What is needed is for other countries to increase their contributions by 2.5 per cent. So far, only fifteen countries have done so.

It is not often that unbalanced budgets can be looked upon with favor. UNICEF is an exception; its debts are a direct measure of its increasing usefulness. And they are debts which the conscience of the world, sooner or later, will make certain are paid. You can hasten the day by buying UNICEF greeting cards for use this Christmas.

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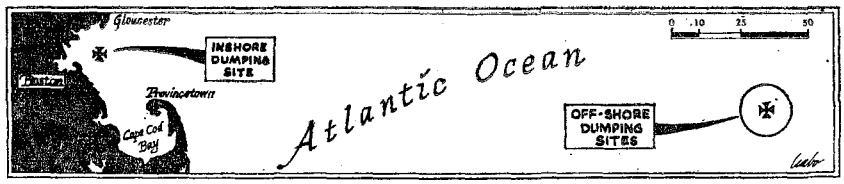
ATOMIC-WASTE CASE NO. II

'HOT' DUMPING OFF BOSTON . . *by Grace DesChamps*

The problem of atomic-waste disposal grows apace. In our August 1 issue, we presented the situation in New Britain, Conn. ("Test Case on Atomic Waste," by Gerald McCourt); now the scene shifts to Boston and Cape Cod and is described by a Cape reporter for the Boston Globe. *In a forthcoming issue, scientist Philip Siekevitz will tell something of the public's growing demand for information on the general subject of radiation.*

For editorial comment, turn to Page 143 of this issue. — EDITORS.



Truro, Mass.

FOR THIRTEEN years, the Federal Government was permitting the burial of atomic wastes — much of it "hot" — in 250 feet of water barely twelve miles off Boston's shore and thirty miles northwest of Cape Cod's tip.

The dump site is in the heart of the Atlantic sea lanes leading into Boston harbor — and a "near neighbor" of the 2,000,000 people who live in the city's metropolitan area.

Included among the dumped radioactive materials are isotopes yielded by the development of the first A-bomb — the bomb that exploded over Hiroshima. The first of the metal drums containing the isotopes was dropped over the side of a vessel in 1946. The skipper, glad to be shut of his grisly cargo, turned his ship about; but for twelve more years — until a few months ago, in fact — ships returned with clocklike regularity to the site, dumping cargoes whose potential hazard can only be guessed at.

Until recently, neither the people of Boston nor of Cape Cod knew anything, officially, of this. Even when, in July, newspapers printed the story of an Atomic Energy Commission "proposal" to establish an "atomic-waste disposal area" in offshore waters, the existence of the thirteen-year-old inshore dump site was still generally unknown. Unknown, too, was the fact that the AEC had already established two atomic dumps in offshore waters in the same general area where it was now proposing to locate a third.

All that Cape Codders knew was that the AEC was seeking to license the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service to dump radioactive wastes some 200-odd miles due east of the tip of the Cape.

But even this limited knowledge proved disturbing—to the Cape Codders, if not to Boston. "Hot waste are dirty words," said Barnstable County Commissioner Joseph Sorenti. "No area used by so great a number of people should be an atomic dumping ground." Captain Manuel Phillips of the tuna-seiner *Silver Mink*, out of Provincetown, was perplexed. "The area from the Cape tip to Gloucester is used by all our boats," he said. "Boats from Provincetown, the Cape Cod Canal and Plymouth use the southern area; the Gloucester boats, the northern area."

Two years ago, there had been rumors on the Cape that atomic dumping was going on somewhere offshore. Norman Cook, executive secretary of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, had to write twice before he got an answer from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers on the subject. But when the answer did come, it was reassuring. The Army engineers said that waste disposal operations were being carried out in such a manner as to pose no health hazard of "any significance." If the Army said everything was all right, it must be so. No one on Cape Cod knew anything about atomic dumping, anyway; the Cape settled into uneasy quiet.

THEN ON AUGUST 1, some Cape Codders took a look at the record. They turned up the dumping, in inshore waters, of the radioactive isotopes from the development of the Hiroshima bomb. They confirmed the dumping with George C. Perry, president of Crossroads Marine Disposal Corporation of Boston, whose firm carried out the operation. They verified the dump site with AEC and the Army Corps of Engineers. They learned that unknown tons of hot waste, of unknown radioactive intensity, also lay "in about 300 feet of water" in the inshore dump. They learned that AEC, only a few weeks before, had shifted this dump site to an offshore location, in 1,000 fathoms, 220 miles out. But the inshore dump, in waters of 300 feet or less, had been operated under license since 1946.

The investigators further learned that a subcommittee of the National Committee on Radiation Protection had specifically recommended, back in 1954, that radioactive waste disposal in ocean waters be carried out in depths of "at least 1,000 fathoms" — 6,000 feet.

The investigators turned up still another dumping license, this one issued to a second Greater Boston firm: New England Tank Cleaning Company, of Cambridge. The New England Tank Cleaning Company could store waste material with radioactivity up to 1,000 curies—a record storage level at the time the license was issued, ten months previously. They discovered that AEC had already established an offshore dump site for the firm. That made two offshore dump sites already authorized by AEC.

All this had happened without the knowledge or consent of Cape Codders dependent for their existence upon the sea. Those Cape Cod officials to whom some of the information was communicated, were numb with disbelief.

Perhaps no more patriotic American can be found than the native Cape Codder. He has governed his

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towns since colonial days with town warrants and yeasty town meetings which are still the purest form of American democracy. He was a direct inheritor of the Mayflower Compact, called the Magna Charta of American democracy, drawn up in the cabin of the *Mayflower* in Provincetown harbor in 1620. The Cape Codders lived solely from the sea—from the fish of its waters and from the throngs of visitors who bask on the Cape's beaches. Four bills have already been filed in Congress to establish the Cape Cod National Seashore.

Now come the hot-waste dumpers!

THE BOSTON *Globe*, which knew the story, withheld it out of consideration for Cape Cod. With the vacation season at full tide, any reference to radioactive dumping or "permissible levels of radiation" could have panicked thousands. But John C. Snow, chairman of the Provincetown Selectmen, sent a telegram to Senator John F. Kennedy, whose home is on Cape Cod, fifty miles from Provincetown. Kennedy promised an investigation. Tensions eased.

Then came a rumble from the machinery of the AEC. A newspaper learned of AEC plans to go ahead, on August 25, with issuance of a license for a third dumping operation "in the absence of request for a formal hearing." On August 20, a reporter pointed out the deadline to Richard Adams, acting president of the Barnstable County Selectmen's Association.

"I didn't know anything about it. Where did you find out?" he asked.

"In a newspaper," he was told.

Adams wrote letters to Congressman Hastings Keith and Senators Kennedy and Leverett Saltonstall, asking postponement of the license, and a hearing. But Cape Codders who knew some of the story, were fearful the letters might be too late. Thirty signers of a telegram to the AEC asked for a postponement and a hearing.

Meanwhile, a *Globe* reporter talked with Perry of the Crossroads Marine Disposal Corporation. He had been first licensed, "by the Government," in 1946. It was true, he had been operating under AEC license since 1952. His firm did the final packaging for disposal. He was receiving the hot waste "twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year."

"We're getting it from all over the United States," Perry said with professional enthusiasm. "By plane, train, trucking concerns and our own trucks. We don't get all of it—the Navy's dumping an awful lot."

Perry's frankness held to the end: "Let's face it: I've got a nice little business. I'm making some money."

WORRIED Cape Codders set up the Lower Cape Cod Committee on Radioactive Waste Disposal. The *Globe*, on August 31, printed the story, emanating from the committee, of the dumping of wastes from development of the Hiroshima bomb that had been going on for nearly thirteen years outside Boston's harbor.

Meanwhile on August 25, General Manager A. R. Luedecke of the AEC wrote Senator Kennedy a letter (forwarded to Selectman John C. Snow of Provincetown) offering reassurance that in the handling and disposal of radioactive wastes, "the protection of public health and safety is a primary consideration." Luedecke pointed to the recently published oceanographic study made by the National Academy of Sciences' Research Council, at the behest of the AEC, the Office of Naval Research and the Commercial Bureau of Fisheries. The study, Luedecke said, was for the purpose of examining "the feasibility, primarily from the point of view of safety, of disposing of low-level packaged waste closer to shore than the 1,000-fathom sites used by the AEC."

"It should be noted," Luedecke emphasized, "that all such packaged waste disposed of in the Atlantic, *have been* [italics added] and are now, being disposed of off the continental shelf, in water 1,000 fathoms or deeper."

The words "have been" gave Cape Codders pause for thought. What about that Boston dump site, in fifty fathoms of water, with thirteen years' accumulation of radioactive wastes?

"The AEC," Luedecke continued, "has no intention of designating any of the inshore sites without first carrying out detailed field studies as recommended by the NAS-NRC group. Further, the commission has not made a decision to use or approve the use of these sites, even if the results of studies and investigations are favorable from a safety standpoint. This is a question for future consideration in the light of all pertinent facts."

But the metal drums of hot waste, if any of them still resisted corrosion (they have an estimated life of ten years) continued to rock in the inshore dump site. What criteria had determined the feasibility of the dump which held them, Luedecke did not say. Nor did he touch on the matter of the two offshore dumps, both of them authorized by AEC during the previous year.

Luedecke came to the subject of public hearings: "Before any areas would be officially designated, public hearings would be held so that all parties concerned would be heard on the matter."

But how, ask Cape Codders, can you ask for a hearing when you don't know that a license is being granted? As the Lower Cape Committee on Radioactive Waste Disposal points out, "AEC puts its license notices in the Federal Register printed in Washington, D.C. Few, except high-level government officials, ever heard of the Federal Register—to say nothing of reading it. It is not a free government publication, and the average citizen without special interests would have little reason to subscribe to it. If some local selectman miraculously got his hands on a copy the day it was printed, he would still have only fifteen days in which to alert his community and summon the scientific and legal assistance necessary to protect its interests."

As for the hearing, scheduled for September 23 at the State House, in Boston, it is "closed," in the opinion of selectmen, to all except officials. Non-official local taxpayers, who might have relevant information to offer, are excluded.

As of this writing, no Cape Cod selectman knows the latitude and longitude of the site for which the third AEC license is being issued. Nor has he received official information concerning the port of de-

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parture of the disposing vessel. If the port, as has been rumored, is in New Jersey, Massachusetts obviously would have no jurisdiction over it.

But on this point the Lower Cape Committee has something to say: "If atomic dumping, with its grave implications to marine life and human well-being, can be initiated and carried out without the knowledge or consent of citizens of areas which can receive contamination, we believe this is a matter for the U.S. courts.

"Even the estimated hazards are of great potential. Wholesale dumping has been going on for years with only inadequate records to guide current scientific investigators. Even the National Academy of Sciences' report admits to some doubt as to whether presently used containers remain intact after disposal to the sea bottom.

"AEC reported to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy that its licensing regulations call for 'minimum depths of 1,000 fathoms.' Only in August, 1959, did it amend the license of Crossroads Marine Disposal Corporation to dump at this depth."

TODAY — confused, uninformed, with little time to get scientific help or the proper legal assistance — Cape Cod is preparing to enter the lists for the future welfare of its ocean waters and its inhabitants. At stake is its economic existence. Inherent respect for governmental authority adds to the confusion of local officials. If concealment and equivocation are techniques employed by a government agency entrusted with sweeping powers over human welfare, native Cape Cod psychology has no counter weapon for defense.

The license hearing at Boston's State House will be before an AEC examiner. Scientists associated in various ways with the effort of the AEC will offer testimony. The AEC will have complete jurisdiction. Exceptions to AEC findings must be filed, not with the courts, but with the AEC itself.

For the first time in the history of Cape Cod—a stronghold of conservative political thinking and a birthplace of American democratic procedures—Cape Codders will weigh their venerable heritage against the power of a government agency from whose rulings it would appear there is no appeal.

ALGERIA AT THE U. N. . . . *by Mario Rossi*

United Nations

THE DECISION to raise the issue of France's projected atomic explosion in the Sahara Desert [see "Poisoning the Sahara," by Ira V. Morris, *The Nation*, Sept. 5] before the General Assembly is expected to add considerable heat to the debate on Algeria. The two issues will be discussed separately; but, inevitably, one will overlap the other. The human drama of Africans exposed to radioactive fallout will place the Algerian problem in a more emotional context and perhaps improve chances for passage of a resolution recognizing the right of Algerian independence.

Last year a similar resolution was lost by one vote, with the United States, refusing to side with France, abstaining. At this year's session, the resolution might fare differently: Cuba, formerly a staunch supporter of France, will vote with the Afro-Asians; countries which last year abstained may support the group (Japan is committed to do so and Venezuela, Guatemala, Costa Rica and Mexico may follow suit); Canada, Brazil, Nicaragua and Paraguay, which last year favored France, may now abstain.

This is how the situation appears on the eve of the fourteenth session of the General Assembly. Attitudes might change of course if the French offered concrete proposals holding out any hope for putting an end to the war. A shift favorable to France, however, is not eased by the prospect of a Saharan nuclear blast.

Among the colored peoples, the bomb is something more than a fearsome instrument of terror for the whole of humanity; it represents the *white man's* instrument of terror. It has been used but once in war, by whites against a yellow race. An atomic explosion in the Sahara could not but intensify the intrusion of racial feelings into atomic matters. African reaction, since the projected blast was announced, appears to confirm this. The initiative in taking the issue before the United Nations was Morocco's. The governments of Sudan, Ghana, Guinea and Nigeria have protested to Paris. "Vigorous and profound indignation" was voiced by the nine independent African states meeting in special session in Monrovia, Liberia, early in August. African territories not yet free, even within the French community, have joined in the protest.

Several Western observers are worried about this trend. They fear that years of efforts to erect a bridge between the "have" and the "have not" countries, between the industrial and the underdeveloped areas, to dissolve racial tensions in a community of man, will have been greatly compromised by the bomb. This is not their only fear, however.

When President Eisenhower launched his "Atoms for Peace" program before the United Nations in 1953, he hoped that nuclear energy would cease being identified by the smaller countries with terror and destruction and come to be considered a potential source of progress—especially for underdeveloped countries. Only then could the awful problem of controlling nuclear power for war be faced constructively and objectively. Today a nuclear agreement between the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain appears to be within reach of realization. But the Soviet Union has hinted that it might resume testing if the Sahara explosion is carried out. The present task, observers say, is to work out by patient

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diplomacy the conditions that will make possible atomic disarmament; increasing the number of nuclear powers, they say, will make the task insuperable. It is worth recalling that twenty-three nations already have the scientific and technical capability to construct nuclear weapons. Linus Pauling, American chemist and Nobel Laureate, is quoted in *The Christian Science Monitor* as saying that "the possibility of outbreak of a war would be about fifty times greater with twenty-three nuclear powers than it is with only three."

The danger that more and more nations will join the "atomic club" has not escaped the United Nations. An Irish resolution still pending before the U.N. [see "Bomb Peril: Message from a Small Power," by Frank Aiken, *The Nation*, Nov. 29, 1958] aims to freeze the club at its present membership in the hope of facilitating a control system that will make it possible to outlaw the bomb within the framework of a more general disarmament agreement.

NORTH AFRICA'S reasons for bringing the bomb issue before the U.N. were not exclusively humanitarian. It represents a means of contesting France's sovereignty over a territory rich in oil, which is a part of Algeria. The Algerian Nationalists have said that they will not recognize the validity of contracts negotiated between France and oil companies. The problem involved is no small one, considering that the future of the Sahara may become the main issue in Africa and may affect deeply the relations between that continent and Europe. Western Europe would welcome the availability of North African oil, which would free it from complete dependence on the troublesome Middle East. This is an added reason why several nations—Germany and Italy in particular—look forward eagerly to a settlement in Algeria that promises peace and tranquillity. A test blast in the Sahara, they fear, would inflame anti-French sentiment to the point where a peaceful solution would no longer be possible.

Another political aspect of the problem is the difficulties it creates for the West in and out of the U.N. French President Charles de Gaulle has stated that his country is building the bomb for "the prestige and the defense of the French community." But the accent appears to be on prestige rather than on defense. According to *Time* magazine, the French will have a "model T bomb for their airplanes and too crude even to compare with recent generations of U.S., British and Russian nuclear devices." Still, despite its crudity, France could use the bomb as an instrument of political pressure—and the pressure would be greater against the United States and Great Britain than against the Soviet Union. Possession of the bomb, it is argued, would make France independent of the Atlantic Alliance; she could always threaten to get out if her Allies "misbehaved."

BUT WHEN the Sahara test question comes up before the U.N., what can France's principal Allies do? Having themselves agreed to suspend nuclear tests, they can hardly be expected to oppose the inscription

WHAT WILL FRANCE DO? *Alexander Werth*

Paris

THE GENUINE warmth with which President Eisenhower was received here is perhaps the most significant thing that has happened in France for a long time. For we must remember that the "Algiers Revolution" which laid the foundations of the present de Gaulle regime was essentially an anti-American revolt — a revolt against the "interference" in North African affairs of Robert Murphy's "good offices" mission. Indeed, the first thing that happened on that May 13 in Algiers was the smashing up of the U.S. Information Center. Subsequently, de Gaulle and his Ministers — particularly Debré and Soustelle — assumed toward the United States an attitude that was little short of hostile. The United States was never forgiven for having abstained in last year's U.N. vote on Algeria, or for its coolness toward France's demands for admission to the nuclear club and to a Big Three directorate of NATO.

Almost throughout the de Gaulle regime, a large part of the press here has been conducting an insidious anti-American campaign, culminating in Debré's categorical demand for American and other Allied all-out support for her Algerian policy.

And then, rather suddenly, the public here began to realize that France was being isolated, internationally; and, unlike Debré, de Gaulle had enough instinct to sense the growing mood in France favoring an end to the Algerian war. More recently, the prospect of a defeat of France at the U.N. began to worry not only the public, but the Government. Far from being monolithic in its determination to pursue the war until final victory, the Government showed increasing signs of hesitancy; and, on the eve of President Eisenhower's visit, there was (or so it seemed) no longer a single "ultra" left among de Gaulle's Ministers, even Soustelle adopting a more flexible position. Suggestions were even advanced that de Gaulle go to the U.N.

One thing is certain: the appallingly long period of *immobilisme* on the Algerian issue is at last nearing an end. During de Gaulle's last visit to Algeria, he spoke of pacification, but also of *self-determination*. But self-determination is scarcely conceivable without honest elections, which in turn are inconceivable without international control. Does all this not mean that the concept of Algeria being a purely "French problem" — which is what France has adamantly maintained at the U.N. — is being progressively abandoned? Is not France moving toward a form of international mediation, and will not America again attempt to mediate a peace settlement? It is the French people's hopes in this direction, I believe, that account for the warmth of the welcome given to the President.

There is, of course, the possibility that de Gaulle's sudden sweet reasonableness, and that of his Ministers, is merely a tactical retreat aimed at reassuring Mr. Eisenhower and the U.N. The nature of de Gaulle's plan for Algeria — scheduled for release this week — and the coming Algerian debate in the U.N. ought to bring the future into clearer focus.

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of an item in the agenda inviting France to do likewise. At best, they are expected to abstain; but last year's abstention by the United States on the Algerian issue has revealed the heavy political significance of the gesture. Western embarrassment might prove still greater if the Sahara test occurs before or during the U.N. Assembly, since in that event the Afro-Asians are expected to submit a resolution to condemn France.

The effects of the proposed test will not be limited to Western attitudes toward France and the Algerian question. In recent years, a shared condition of economic underdevelopment has brought about a feeling of solidarity between the Afro-Asians and the Latin Americans. The test, as a human tragedy, might strengthen this solidarity and undo many years of patient wooing by France of Latin America in behalf of French policy on the Algerian question.

It is fortunate for France that so many of its children look beyond the Third or the Fourth or the Fifth Republic to the tradition that fathered the Declaration of the Rights of Man. In a moving article entitled, "The Accomplices of Hiroshima," Dominique Halevy recently wrote in *Le Monde*:

> Immense would be the power and prestige of a France which renounced, of its own volition, a bomb which she could have exploded. America, Russia and England cannot alone solve the capital question of atomic disarmament. The voice of all other countries must be heard. For this task, France is today admirably situated. But if France carries out the tests, she merely will be her own spokesman, a mediocre atomic power of fourth rank, detested by Africa. . . . The day France turns into an atomic power, she becomes an acomplice of Hiroshima.

FEAR OF THE PEOPLE . . *by Peter Bachrach*

IN RECENT years the political scientist has shown definite signs of emerging from the confining occupation of studying the structure and types of governmental forms and institutions. Now, at long last, he has begun to probe the dynamics of the political process, of decision-making and the power struggle among interest groups. In so doing, he finds himself drawing upon the findings and techniques of the allied social sciences, so much so that "interdisciplinary cross-fertilization" has become a key phrase.

Superficially this is exciting, but to the liberal it is also deeply discouraging. For no matter how disguised by scientific verbiage, the analysis generally boils down to a defense of the status quo. Brushing aside the output of Mills, Hunter, Lynd and Brady as either neo-Marxist or unscientific, our political scientists take a pluralistic view of the political process, embracing Bentley and Herring's theory of compromise, Galbraith's countervailing power and David Truman's concepts of overlapping membership and potential groups. They conclude that power in the United States is widely diffused. From here they move on rapidly to a finding that our institutions and values are in excellent health. They summarily dismiss as unrealistic and naive the charge that irresponsible power groups can exploit the decentralized party structure, and the archaic checks and balances of our governmental system, to flout the public interest. The very concept of public interest is regarded as a myth, though perhaps a useful one.

In their eyes, the so-called irresponsible groups turn out to be responsible after all, because of a wondrous system of built-in restraints: from within, the group is checked by conflicting interests of certain members; from without, by countervailing pressure groups. In the rare instance where these forces do not operate, the imbalance is soon rectified. For like nature, politics (we are told) abhors a vacuum. Organizational power soon begets its opposite number; furthermore, no pressure group, irrespective of opposition, may violate the rules of the game without creating "potential groups" which have been threatened by the violation of established norms.

Their theory implies that the strength and wisdom of our leadership, indeed of our citizenry, become almost irrelevant, since it is the system which shields and preserves us. To contemplate changing any fundamental of the system, such as the broader use of national planning, would be folly. And any reform which significantly increases the electorate's capacity for direct action will jeopardize the capacity of the system to regulate itself.

However, no one has ever been able to explain how the system will develop an alternative to our myopic foreign policy or how it will resolve the burning acquisitiveness which consumes us.

MY PRIMARY concern is not the fact, but the reason for this deep conservativism of the American political scientists. It cannot be explained by their political predilections; political scientists are predominantly liberal. Nor should too much weight be given to their perhaps unconscious avoidance of dangerous positions in their need for recognition and status (not that political scientists should be expected to be immune from the motives that engulf their fellow countrymen). More important, I think, is an ideological factor—the curious, growing ambivalence among liberal intellectuals, and more particularly among political scientists, toward democracy and liberalism.

In a reform period like the early New Deal, the liberal intellectual had little difficulty reconciling the diverse principles within the democratic-liberal complex, such as majority rule and freedom of speech. The political scientist's vigorous criticism of judicial review, the party

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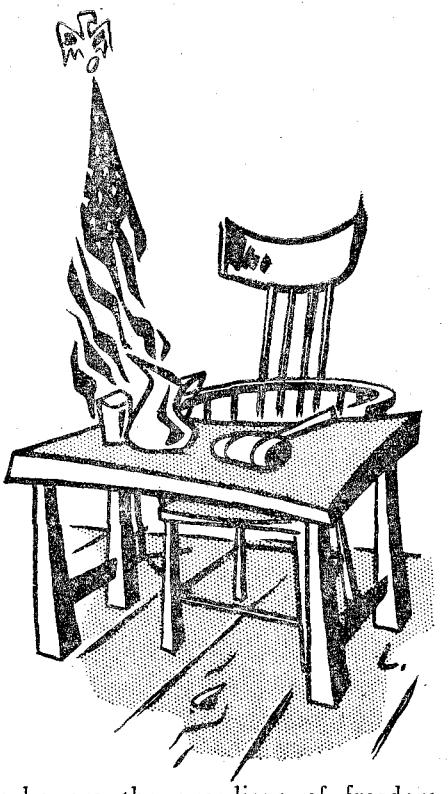
system, checks and balances and the like was not surprising; these institutions stood squarely in the way of necessary reform. Even more important, the reform movement, supported by the overwhelming majority of the people, was not only safeguarding civil liberties but actually broadening them. Freedom of speech was used for more than eulogizing freedom of speech; the underprivileged used it as an essential instrument in their struggle for the expansion of socio-economic and political rights.

ALL THIS changed with the wave of postwar reaction. As civil liberties wavered under the onslaught of investigating committees, loyalty oaths and numerous statutory restrictions on individual freedom, the political scientist shared all intellectuals' feeling of political isolation. They felt a disillusionment in, if not fear of, the people. The argument that this revolt from the Right was a product of demagoguery was certainly plausible; none the less, the majority of the people acquiesced in, if they did not support, it. The optimism of Henry Wallace's *Century of the Common Man* and Professor Carl Friedrich's *New Beliefs in the Common Man*—both published prior to the political eruption from the Right—must have appeared grossly naive to the intellectual whose political beliefs were threatened by the revolt of the masses. Paradox notwithstanding, democracy seemed bent on destroying any vestige of liberalism.

The political scientist sought cover behind the walls of the Constitution. Abandoning the traditional criticism of American institutions voiced by Parrington, Beard and J. Allen Smith, he began to emphasize the dangers of majority tyranny and extol the virtues of judicial review, checks and balances and the pluralist system of compromise and countervailing power. He not only subscribed to Madison's theory of power, but fully agreed with the authors of *The Federalist* that the major problem of government is to "enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself." The direct conflict with Jefferson's belief that in the last analysis it is the people



who are the guardians of freedom did not disturb him at all.

Professor Samuel Stouffer's study on the attitude of Americans toward civil liberties, and the more recent study by Professor Robert Lane on the attitude of workers toward equality, seem to vindicate the political scientist. Both studies show that our rank and file are unimpressed with the principles of liberty and equality. As Samuel Lubell put it, "Our form of government is a stronger bulwark of civil liberties than the people themselves."

Such a statement is based presumably on the assumption that restraining political and institutional forces, usually operative against reform movements, are also operative when the political pressure is from the Right. But this is not necessarily true. After the first hundred days of the New Deal, business, the press and the Bourbon-Republican coalition in Congress set up roadblocks to the reform movement. No such forces curbed the upsurge of McCarthyism. Congress remained comparatively free to investigate all facets of American thought for subversive implications and to enact bigger and better security measures. On the Executive side, increasingly stringent federal loyalty programs were adopted under Truman and Eisenhower. And, perhaps most distressing of all, Vinson's Supreme Court refused to accept *certiorari* on "difficult" civil-liberty cases on the one hand, and on the other proved willing to square the First Amendment with the various loyalty oaths and programs. Over and over again the institutional and Constitutional guarantees failed to protect individual rights in time of reaction.

Thus the American political system—envisaged by the political scientist as a system of balance and compromise—operates as an effective bulwark against the masses only when the upsurge is to the Left, not to the Right.

THE IMPACT of postwar reaction upon American liberal thought has been severe; it has shaken the basic assumption of democracy—that ordinary men and women possess good sense. As a result, the gap between the classes has been dangerously widened. This is not, however, a division between economic classes, but a growing gulf between the educated who cherish liberty as a sacred principle, and the man in the street who is said to be indifferent or even hostile to it. The division is reflected by the rash of essays in political and social science literature making invidious comparisons between the educated elite and the people.

Professor Lane's article, "Fear of Equality," recently published in the *American Political Science Review*, is typical. To discover the attitude of a segment of the working class toward equality, the author interviewed fifteen workers selected at random from a housing development restricted to tenants earning from $2,400 to $6,300 yearly. The workers interviewed were all urban, white fathers with occupations such as painter, plumber, oiler, railroad fireman and policeman. Lane found that by and large these men were more bourgeois than the bourgeoisie. Feeling no sense of injustice in regard to their status, they believed those lower on the scale deserve their fate. They had no major complaints toward our inequalitarian society.

The chief inference drawn by Lane is that the working classes have little affection for the ideals of freedom and equality "in their universal

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forms." On the other hand, the author states, "the professional classes, particularly the lawyers, ministers, and teachers, often have such affection. It is they, in the democratic West, who serve as the 'hard core' of democratic defenders. . . ." And again, "It is not to 'The people' . . . that we must look for consistent and relatively unqualified defense of freedom and equality. The professional class, at least in the American culture, serves as the staunchest defender of democracy's two greatest ideals."

The pessimism and elite implications of Lane's position—a position, with minor variations, subscribed to by such diverse persons as Talcott Parsons, Andrew Hacker, Peregrine Worsthorne and Walter Lippmann—is, I believe, the most corrosive ideological influence on the liberal movement today, and the basis of the conservative nature of American political science.

THE MAJOR defect of Lane's study is its lack of historical perspective. Of course, the people are narrow, bourgeois and lacking in affection for liberty and equality "in their universal forms." Veblen well understood this, and anyone familiar with the racial, religious and nativist phobias that are replete in our history takes it as a matter of course that the people have little affection for liberty in the abstract.

But there is a positive side to this picture. The rank-and-file American has been instrumental in the growth of freedom and equality in the United States. The people breathed democracy into the Constitution by exerting continuous pressure for the expansion of the franchise; they were ultimately responsible for the establishment of public education; and if the working classes had not waged a long and bitter struggle for decent working conditions, America would be a far less free nation than it is today. All this is obvious, but it points up a paradox which Lane has overlooked: that people do not have to believe in freedom for its own sake in order to work, struggle and even die for it. To put the paradox positively, the people do not have affection for the "universal forms" of freedom, but they do have the capacity, as they have demonstrated in the past, to fight for it when the stakes relate directly to greater equality and freedom for themselves.

THE CRUCIAL question, then, is not the attitude of the people toward democratic ideals, but whether the socio-economic and political forces breeding demagoguery are greater than those creating political pressure for the eradication of evils in our society. Within this context, the responsibility of the political scientist and his brethren in allied fields is a heavy one. It requires intensive work on four aspects of the problem.

First, what are the dominant psychological, sociological, economic and political trends and their probable impact upon democracy? The literature on this phase of the problem is indeed rich, as evidenced by *The Sane Society, The Lonely Crowd, The Organization Man, The Affluent Society, The Power Elite* and the like. But certainly more light needs to be shed, especially on the political ramifications of the question.

Second, if democratic society is in peril, what remedial measures are necessary? The social scientist has conspicuously ignored this problem. The diagnostic books cited above all imply, or state, that far-reaching changes must be made in the social or economic structure. But the proposed remedies, where they exist at all, are mouse-like or ambiguous. After painting a devastating picture of life within the Organization, Whyte concludes that man must learn to live with it. Riesman says that the economic forces in our society have produced a pathetic character, the other-directed personality; nevertheless all is well, since the autonomous individual somehow can evolve out of other-directedness. Galbraith's analysis of the disequilibrium in the economy is strongly suggestive of a socialistic solution, but his solution is illiberal governmental gadgetry. Fromm's advocacy of industrial democracy as a substitute for corporate and union giantism, and as an antidote to anonymity, is bold enough, but he does not indicate how it can be achieved. Mills, practicing his own form of scientism, is silent as to what measures can and ought to be taken against the power elite.

Third, what vested interests, institutions, myths and ideas are likely to be instrumental in impeding, if not preventing, the indicated remedial action? Since the nature of power is central to his inquiry, the political scientist should certainly be equipped to answer this question. But he shies away from involvement with that which might disrupt the balance of the present power structure.

Fourth, what potential sources of power must be tapped in order to effectuate the necessary social and economic changes? This brings us again to the people, for to accomplish such tasks in a democracy, what source of power is there other than the political power of the voters? How to fire their imagination in the cause of democracy is, of course, a difficult problem. The answer lies in a positive and concrete translation of the task into terms of greater social and economic rights and security. Because workers are not interested in the abstract form of equalitarianism does not mean that they would be indifferent to compulsory health insurance, guarantees of full employment and an effective voice in determining economic policy.

TO RELY on the educated classes—or Lane's professional classes—to preserve freedom is to overlook their record during the McCarthy episode. Unquestionably they had affection for liberty and equality "in their universal forms"; they eulogized freedom and wrote excellent books in its defense. But they demonstrated little eagerness to defend freedom at the risk of personal status. University and college professors, for example, were overwhelmingly against McCarthy, against loyalty oaths and Congressional investigation of education, yet only in a few instances did a faculty, or a group of faculty members, prove ready to risk their jobs to stand by a jeopardized colleague. The record of the legal profession is hardly better. The American Bar Association can hardly be said to be a staunch defender of the Bill of Rights, and the record of some state bar associations on civil liberties is reminiscent of the American Le-

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gion. Liberal lawyers have made a fine record in defending liberals deprived of their rights, but many of the same lawyers refused Communists as clients for fear of being themselves labeled communistic.

If the paradox is true that the people don't believe in freedom for its own sake, yet possess a capacity to fight for it when it is translated into meaningful terms, the paradox is equally true that the educated or professional classes believe in freedom for its own sake, but rarely are prepared to fight for it at the risk of personal status.

If it is time to abandon the myth of the common man's idealism, it is also time that the intellectual in general, and the political scientist in particular, recognize that without the common man's active aid, liberty or equality cannot be preserved or expanded. The battle of freedom will be lost by default if the intellectual continues to insulate himself from "the masses" and to rely on countervailing forces, institutional barriers and the educated classes to defend him from demagogic leaders.

Detroit Discovers the Consumer . . *by Robert P. Weeks*

Detroit

SINCE 1906, when United States production outstripped that of France, this country has led the world in the manufacture of automobiles. Yet many Americans do not realize that in 1958 this pivotal American industry suffered two major defeats: (1) more automobiles were produced outside this country than in it; (2) the foreign cars we imported outnumbered the cars we exported.

The most widely publicized interpretation of these two developments is that they are part of a winning battle being fought by swarms of tiny, simple, honest Volkswagens and Renaults against the waning ranks of pretentious, overpowered, clumsy American dreamboats. According to this interpretation, the tiny invaders will never outnumber the lumbering American cars, but will conquer, instead, by example. They will force Detroit to give up the manufacture of opulent space ships and to start making sensible automobiles again.

Those who support this view can muster some impressive evidence for it. They point to the fact that between now and December, Chevrolet, Ford and Chrysler will each introduce a U.S.-made small car, the Corvair, Falcon and Valiant, respectively. And this is only the first of several waves of compact cars that will sweep out of Detroit. In the fall of 1960, six new compact cars will be introduced by Buick, Olds, Edsel, Mercury, DeSoto and Chrysler. The ultimate in compacts—luxury models by Cadillac, Lincoln and Imperial—will appear in the fall of 1961. The revolution will come full circle in the fall of 1962 when the Big Three—General Motors, Ford and Chrysler—finally put on the market their versions of the VW and Renault that will sell for $1,500 to $1,800.

According to these champions of the European car, the Cleopatra barge that has been Detroit's ideal since the 1930s will be supplanted by a new ideal: the compact car. It will be half the size of a 1959 Lincoln and cost half as much to buy and run; it will be as simple and functional as a wheel, yet as responsive as a motorcycle. Power-steering, power-brakes and window-lifts will be out of place on this car; motoring will be fun again.

FEW WILL deny that Detroit has been the scene of some amazing and portentous events in the past five years. The signs of an impending revolution have been varied and numerous: the massive invasion of the medium-price bracket by Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth; the sharp decline in the sales of what had previously been medium-priced cars — Buick, Mercury, Dodge, *et al.*; the Edsel debacle; the widespread criticism of the style of U.S. cars; the evidence obtained by economic surveys that Americans are spending proportionately less on automobiles and more on such items as boats, hi-fi equipment and housing; the astonishing success of the Rambler and Lark; and the concentration of more than 90 per cent of auto-making in the hands of the Big Three.

Clearly this is a complex revolution and one in which the small-car invasion from Europe does play a role, but to call it the only role or even the central one is to oversimplify and misconstrue what has been happening to our biggest industry. The events shaping up in Detroit are the result of a variety of social, economic, and technical changes that have occurred during the past thirty or forty years.

"We started with the Model T and we've just perfected it," according to Dr. Peter Kyropoulos, Technical Director of G.M. styling. In this process, American car makers have made no truly basic changes in the design or location of the major components of an automobile. But the half-century of labor put into the perfecting process should not be disparaged; if the 1959 Ford is not fundamentally different from the Model T of 1908, it is incomparably more comfortable, durable, safe and generally satisfactory as a vehicle.

Many hands were involved in perfecting the Model T, and many solutions were offered for every problem. "Thirty or forty years ago," E. B. White has fondly recalled, "when a man wanted a car, he had a fabulous assortment to choose from — everything from a jack rabbit to a bear-cat. Big cars, small cars, medium-sized cars, cheap cars, expensive cars, closed cars, gas cars, steam cars, electric cars; it was paradise."

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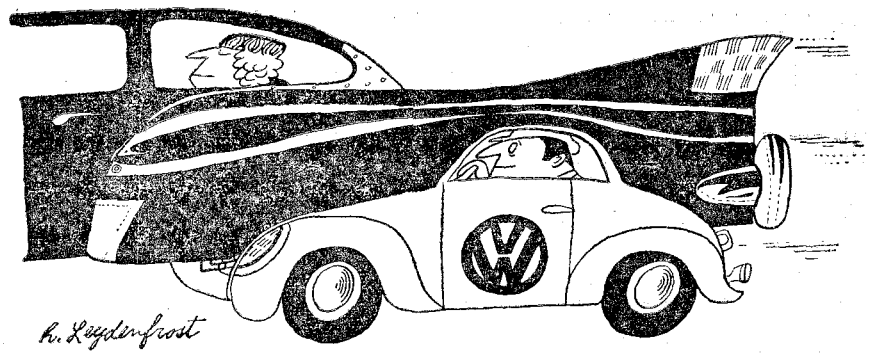
Something like this paradise can still be found in Europe, where one can spend from $1,000 to $24,000 for a car and can choose from among so many different styles, sizes and mechanical features that the choice would flabbergast an American. Let us consider the range of European variety as it affects only one part of a car, the engine. The European can buy automobiles with one, two, three, four, six or twelve cylinders, which may be in line, arranged in a V, or opposed to one another; the engine may burn Diesel fuel or gasoline or a mixture of gasoline and oil; it may be mounted in the front or rear; it may be air- or water-cooled, and may develop from thirteen to 420 horsepower.

The American buyer, in contrast, has twenty-one brands of automobiles from which to choose, but they are monotonously similar in size, appearance, construction and performance compared with their European counterparts. Again, considering only engines, the buyer of an American car can choose only between a six or a V-8 engine — both high compression. And because domestic cars are nearly uniform in weight, the engines are within a limited range of horsepower with the median around 200. Moreover, they are all water-cooled, mounted in the front, gasoline-fueled and of traditional design. The sixes are Model T engines greatly enlarged and with two cylinders added; the V-8s are two enlarged Model T engines joined to form a V.

WHY HAS the American automobile industry limited itself — and the American buyer — so narrowly? Part of the answer lies in its struggle to perfect the Model T. The process of perfection inexorably eliminated the kerosene and carbide head lamp, the mechanical brake, the transverse spring, the steam and electric car, the windshield that opened, the outside luggage rack, the wooden body and a whole junkyard full of other quaint but inefficient devices. But the drive for perfection was geared to mass production and profits, so one of its unfortunate concomitants was the elimination of a host of colorful,



unique and even outstanding automobiles: the Stutz, Franklin, Packard, Cord, Lafayette, Dusenberg, Marmon, Pierce-Arrow and many others.

As the auto industry became monolithic, its products have grown increasingly uniform. Some of this uniformity is in the interests of economy. Every GM car, from Chevrolet to Cadillac, this year uses the same body shell. Ford and Chrysler have adopted the same principle. GM, with an annual output of 3,000,000 units, is understandably interested in making them as much alike as is feasible.

But the resemblance of GM cars not to each other, but to those of the Ford and Chrysler families, is obviously not a matter of manufacturing economy. Critics of Detroit like to ask: "Why can't the Pontiac, Dodge and Mercury be as distinctly different as three German cars, say, the Volkswagen, Mercedes and Porsche? Why must they look as if they had come out of different doors of the same assembly plant?" The answer is that the VW, Mercedes and Porsche are three distinct types of cars: the small economy car, the family car and the sports car.

This interesting variety among European automobiles is largely a result of two factors. The first is the long-standing European custom of taxing horsepower, which has given European manufacturers an incentive to develop small, efficient engines, such as the remarkably small, sturdy VW engine. Even insurance rates, in some European countries, are based in part on horsepower. Another European custom, the road race, has fostered an additional automotive genre — the sports car. Some European firms like Mercedes-Benz build both sports cars and full-sized passenger cars. Others build both sports cars and economy cars, and a very few turn out cars in all three categories. Therefore, from Sweden to Italy, Europeans have available to them a number of economy cars like the Saab, Fiat, VW and Renault. They also have a whole stable of the world's finest sports cars in all sizes. And besides these two groups, there are the conventional-sized sedans, two-doors and convertibles.

While the European automobile industry has developed in an environment that encouraged variety, U.S. car makers have been subjected to pressure of the opposite sort. During the years that the Model T was being perfected, the class structure of both American society and the American economy changed. As the American economy expanded from the 1920s to the 1950s, our living standards rose; at the same time, the middle class began to grow at the expense of both the lower and upper classes. The automobile, always a sensitive social barometer, clearly reflected these changes. From the twenties through the forties, U.S. cars became larger and more luxurious; the Star, Overland, Whippet and Model T gradually gave ground to larger, more expensive vehicles. Yet during the same period, the huge sixteen-cylinder Cadillacs and Marmons, the Packards with their graceful coachwork by LeBaron and Dietrich, disappeared before a herd of commonplace Buicks. In short, for twenty years Detroit has been engaged in the major task of perfecting the Model T so that it is not only reliable, comfortable, roomy and fast, but *classless*. A classless car must be large, but not too large, expensive but not too expensive, different from other cars but not too

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different. It must appeal to a factory worker, a school teacher, a doctor and a merchant. It is a happy marriage of the qualities characteristic of a mass-produced article and the qualities that will assuage middle-class fears and batten middle-class pretensions.

THE SOLUTION to Detroit's dilemma is certainly not to abandon the typical U.S. car in favor of a whole new race of American-made VWs, Porsches and Jaguars. Nor is the solution to mutter sourly, as one Detroit auto executive did to a *New York Times* reporter, "If the public wants to lower its standard of living by driving a cheap, crowded car, we'll make it." Detroit must come to realize that the small economy car is simply one type of car, but a perfectly respectable type that is as deserving of careful engineering as any other. It may be hoped that Detroit engineers will respond to the European challenge in the same way that the Europeans responded to the challenge of the tax on horsepower. If Detroit's revolution is a good one, in a few years the American car buyer will have a larger variety from which to choose.

But even while it is providing this variety, the U.S. automobile industry, according to the prevailing opinion in Detroit, will concentrate its main effort for many years to come on the manufacture of vehicles that are both large and luxurious. Probably the best short explanation for this is a truism uttered by George W. Walker, Ford's director of styling: "A car ceased to be merely a means of transportation to most Americans a decade or more ago." Mr. Walker referred to the degree to which the shape, color and ornamentation of an automobile determine whether people will buy it. Only three out of ten car buyers, according to a study of buyers' habits, look under the hood. Perhaps the other seven will ask whether it is a six or a V-8, or how many carburetors it has, but it is not unreasonable to conclude that they are more interested in the car as a mobile sitting room, an art object, or a badge of social status — anyway, something other than merely a motor car.

An American's car is a place where he does a number of things that fifty years ago he would most likely have done only in his parlor, dining room, bedroom, or in a concert hall, restaurant or church. Lewis Mumford has described the American automobile as "the most inefficient and costly of all forms of public transportation." This is true, but irrelevant. To an American his automobile is a comfortable adjunct to his home: a fine place in which to eat a meal, listen to music, watch a movie, or make love to his girl. Kinsey reported that 41 per cent of U.S. females who had premarital sexual intercourse, had it in automobiles. Moreover, he reported, "The data indicate that the importance of the car as a site of sexual experience had more than doubled in the thirty years covered by the sample."

But if the automobile has made some modest inroads on the home, church, theatre and restaurant, it has virtually captured the job of transporting Americans. Despite the advances of air transport in recent years, 83 per cent of all trips of more than 100 miles are made by car. Moreover, there is evidence that practically none of this travel is done in small European cars. A survey conducted in 1958 among the 10,000 owners of European cars costing less than $1,900 showed that 78 per cent of their mileage was piled up by commuting and doing business errands. Household errands accounted for only 9 per cent of the mileage. These two percentages suggest that the standard-sized sedan and station wagon are far from being displaced as means of covering any considerable distance or hauling children, groceries and other household supplies.

IT IS TIME for the auto industry to recognize that the ideal of the perfected Model T was at best a limited one. In a headlong pursuit of size and comfort, the industry ignored safety, economy and clean, simple design. The classless-car concept blinded it to the fact that driving a small, responsible vehicle can be fun. These are some of the ingredients that should go into Detroit's new ideal. But will they?

As Ralph Nader pointed out in *The Nation* (April 11, 1959), automobiles will probably continue to be death-traps until corrective federal legislation is enacted. So far, this has been a disappointingly slow process. Yet there are those in the industry who see federal control as an inevitable, if not a desirable, development. GM's Peter Kryopoulos regards the auto industry as a public utility whose products will come under some sort of federal supervision as surely as the railroads did.

ECONOMY and good design, of course, cannot be obtained by legislative fiat. But the appearance and specifications of the Falcon, Valiant and Corvair strongly suggest that the more than one million economical, uncluttered European cars on our highways have not been without their effect on Detroit. However, in planning for the future, Detroit can make only one mistake greater than ignoring the European car — being unduly influenced by it. Most small imported cars were designed primarily for conditions peculiar to Europe: narrow, winding roads over which the average trip is little more than one hundred miles, taxes on horsepower, costly gasoline and a generally lower standard of living. American designers must create cars for a somewhat different set of conditions. We must have some cars that are easy to park, maneuver and maintain. But we need others in which a family of five or six (plus luggage) can travel a couple of thousand miles in comfort. We need still another group of cars designed for the routine operations of suburban living: hacking the kids to school, hauling the groceries home from the supermarket, and so forth.

In introducing the Falcon to the press last week, Henry Ford II said, "We are on our way to providing a still wider variety of types, sizes and shapes of automobiles to meet the varied demands and needs of a people of constantly rising living standards. . . ." His is a modest goal, far short of the grandiose dreams of his grandfather, but worth including as another of the ingredients of a new ideal for the automotive industry.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Poetry as Confession

LIFE STUDIES. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 90 pp. $3.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

Emily Dickinson once called publication "the auction of the mind." Robert Lowell seems to regard it more as soul's therapy. The use of poetry for the most naked kind of confession grows apace in our day. We are now far from the great Romantics who, it is true, spoke directly of their emotions but did not give the game away even to themselves. They found, instead, cosmic equations and symbols, transcendental reconciliations with "this lime-tree bower my prison," titanic melancholia in the course of which, merging his sense of tragic fatality with the evocations of the nightingale's song, the poet lost his personal complaint in the music of universal forlornness. Later, Whitman took American poetry to the very edge of the confessional in his *Calamus* poems and in the quivering avowal of his helplessness before the seductions of "blind loving wrestling touch, sheath'd hooded sharp-tooth'd touch." More recently, under the influence of the Symbolists, Eliot and Pound brought us into the forbidden realm itself, yet even in their work a certain indirection masks the poet's actual face and psyche from greedy eyes.

Lowell removes the mask. His speaker is unequivocally himself, and it is hard not to think of *Life Studies* as a series of personal confidences, rather shameful, that one is honor-bound not to reveal. About half the book, the prose section called "91 Revere Street," is essentially a public discrediting of his father's manliness and character, as well as of the family and social milieu of his childhood. Another section, the concluding sequence of poems grouped under the heading "Life Studies," reinforces and even repeats these motifs, bringing them to bear on the poet's psychological problems as an adult. The father, Naval officer *manqué* and then businessman and speculator *manqué*, becomes a humiliating symbol of the failure of a class and of a kind of personality. Lowell's contempt for him is at last mitigated by adult compassion, though I wonder if a man can allow himself this kind of ghoulish operation on his father without doing his own spirit incalculable damage. But the damage has clearly been in the making a long time, and Lowell knows very well that he is doing violence to himself most of all:

> . . . . I hear
> my ill-spirit sob in each blood cell,
> as if my hand were at its throat. . . .

He does not spare himself in these poems, at least two of which have to do with sojourns in mental hospitals and his return home from them. We have grotesque glimpses into his marital life. "Man and Wife," for instance, begins: "Tamed by *Miltown,* we lie on Mother's bed." It later tells how

> All night I've held your hand,
> as if you had
> a fourth time faced the kingdom of the mad—
> its hackneyed speech, its homicidal eye—
> and dragged me home alive. . . .

"My mind's not right," says the speaker in "Skunk Hour," the poem which ends the book. It is partly Lowell's apology for what he has been saying in these pieces, like Gerontion's mumbling that he is only "an old man, a dull head among windy spaces." And it is partly his assertion that he cannot breathe without these confessions, however rank they may be, and that the things he has been talking about are too stubbornly alive to be ignored:

> I stand on top
> of our back steps and breathe the rich air—
> a mother skunk with her column of kittens swills the garbage pail.
> She jabs her wedge-head in a cup
> of sour cream, drops her ostrich tail,
> and will not scare.

It will be clear that my first impression while reading *Life Studies* was that it is impure art, magnificently stated but unpleasantly egocentric—somehow resembling the triumph of the skunks over the garbage cans. Since its self-therapeutic motive is so obvious and persistent, something of this impression sticks all the way. But as the whole work floods into view the balance shifts decisively. Lowell is still the wonderful poet of "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket," the poet of power and passion whose driving aesthetic of anguish belies the "frizzled, stale and small" condition he attributes to himself. He may be wrong in believing that what has happened to New England's elite is necessarily an embodiment of the state of American culture, the whole maggoty character of which he feels he carries about in his own person. But he is not wrong in looking at the culture through the window of psychological breakdown. Too many other American poets, no matter what their social class and family history, have reached the same point in recent years. Lowell is foremost among them in the energy of his uncompromising honesty.

Furthermore, *Life Studies* is not merely a collection of small moment-by-moment victories over hysteria and self-concealment. It is also a beautifully articulated poetic sequence. I say "articulated," but the impact of the sequence is of four intensifying waves of movement that smash at the reader's feelings and break repeatedly over his mind. The poems that make up the opening movement are not personal in the sense of the rest of the book. They are poems of violent contradiction, a historical overture to define the disintegration of a world. In the first a train journeys from Rome to Paris at mid-century. The "querulous hush-hush" of its wheels passes over the Alps and beyond them, but nowhere in the altitudes to which it rises does it touch the sanely brilliant heights of ancient myth and thought. For its riders there are, at one terminal, the hysteria of *bella Roma,* where "the crowds at San Pietro screamed *Papa*" at the pronouncement of the dogma of Mary's assumption and where "the Duce's lynched, bare, booted skull still spoke"; and at the other terminal, the self-destructive freedom of "Paris, our black classic." The next poem reaches far enough back in time to reveal the welter of grossly sensual, mindlessly grasping egotism that attended the birth of the modern age. Marie de Medici, "the banker's daughter," soliloquizes about "blood and pastime," the struggle between monarchy and the "pilfering, pillaging democracies," the assassination of her husband. The third poem returns from modern Europe and its bloody beginnings to our own American moment. All that turbulence of recent centuries now seems frozen into intellectual and moral death:

> Ice, ice. Our wheels no longer move.
> Look, the fixed stars, all just alike
> as lack-land atoms, split apart,
> and the Republic summons Ike,
> the mausoleum in her heart.

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But then the fourth poem hurls at us the monologue of a mad Negro soldier confined at Munich. Here the wit, the audacious intimacy, the acutely bizarre tragic sense of Lowell's language take on jet-speed. In this monologue the breakdown of traditional meanings and cultural distinctions is dramatized in the frenzy of one contemporary figure. Thus Lowell begins to zero in on his main target, himself as the damned speaking-sensibility of his world. The humiliated, homicidal fury of the Negro soldier throws its premonitory shadow over the disturbed "comedy" of "91 Revere Street" which follows. It helps us to see, beneath the "Jamesian" nuances of relationship in a society of ritual pretensions but no center of gravity, how anguished is this prose section's murderous dissection of the poet's parents and its complaint against a childhood gone awry. In this way it prepares us for the personal horrors with which the book closes.

But before that long, devastating final wave of poems, there is a smaller one, corresponding in gathering force with the first group. This third wave is again made up of four poems, each of them about a modern writer with whom Lowell feels kinship as an embattled and alienated spirit. Following hard upon the prose, these poems clearly say: "This is what the predatory centuries, and the soul-devouring world in which I walked the maze of my childhood, have done to man's creativity." Lowell first portrays Ford Madox Ford, the "mammoth mumbler" cheated out of his earned rewards, standing up to Lloyd George and, later, scratching along in America, sick and "gagged for air." Then, dear to Lowell's heart, the self-exiled Santayana looms before us —"free-thinking Catholic infidel." The third poem recreates with sentimental bitterness a winter Lowell and Delmore Schwartz spent at Harvard in 1946. Nothing could be more pathetically open about Lowell's state of mind concerning himself and his art than the parts of their conversation he chooses to record and even to italicize:

> . . . . "Let Joyce and Freud,
> the Masters of Joy,
> be our guests here," you said. The room was filled
> with cigarette smoke circling the paranoid,
> inert gaze of Coleridge, back
> from Malta—his eyes lost in flesh, lips baked and black. . . .
> You said:
> *"We poets in our youth begin in sadness;*
> *thereof in the end come despondency and madness;*
> Stalin has had two cerebral hemorrhages!"

The ironic facetiousness that so often marks Schwartz's writing and conversation is here absorbed by Lowell into a vision of unrelieved breakdown centered on the image of Coleridge's "paranoid gaze" in the picture. That image, together with the mocking allusion to Stalin as one of "we poets" who come at last to madness, brings past and present, and all political and psychological realities, into a single focus of defeat. Then in the fourth poem, "Words for Hart Crane," the group comes to a climax paralleling that of "A Mad Negro Soldier" in the first group. Crane's brief, self-destructive career is seen as the demand of the creative spirit, deliberately wearing the most loathsome mask it can find, for unquestioning love from the culture that has rejected it. Here, just before he plunges back into his major theme, the "life studies" of himself and his family, Lowell again —at the most savagely committed pitch he can command—presents the monologue of a dramatically suffering figure whose predicament has crucial bearing on his own.

In large part, the fourteen poems of the final section echo the prose of "91 Revere Street." But they echo it as a storm echoes the foreboding sultriness of a threatening spell of weather before it. Apart from the obvious differences that verse makes, they break out of the cocoon of childhood-mentality that somehow envelops "91 Revere Street" despite its more sophisticated aspects. Lowell, like Yeats and Thomas, casts over his autobiographical prose a certain whimsy (though often morbid) and childlike half-awareness. But the poems are overborne by sadness first and then by the crash of disaster. Side by side Lowell places memories of his confinement in mental hospitals and a denigration of his great act of defiance as a conscientious objector in World War II which led to his imprisonment for a year:

> I was a fire-breathing Catholic C.O.,
> and made my manic statement,
> telling off the state and president. . . .

The only poem of this group in which he does not talk in his own person, "'To Speak of Woe That Is in Marriage,'" is a monologue by the wife of a lecherous, "hopped-up" drunkard. It is placed strategically just before the last poem, "Skunk Hour," and after "Man and Wife," in which Lowell makes certain we know he is discussing his own marriage, and it is a deliberate plunge into the depths of the theme of degradation at all but the last moment. Finally, "Skunk Hour," full of indirections and nuances that bring the sickness of our world as a whole back into the scene to restore a more universal vision, reaches a climax of self-contempt and of pure symbol-making. This is Lowell's fantastic, terrifying skunk-image for the secret self's inescapable drive to assure itself of continued life—

> I myself am hell;
> nobody's here—
>
> only skunks, that search
> in the moonlight for a bite to eat.
> They march on their soles up Main Street:
> white stripes, moonstruck eyes' red fire
> under the chalk-dry and spar spire
> of the Trinitarian Church.

Life Studies brings to culmination one line of development in our poetry of the utmost importance. Technically, it is an experiment in the form of the poetic sequence comparable to *Mauberley* and *The Bridge*. To build a great poem out of the predicament and horror of the lost Self has been the recurrent effort of the most ambitious poetry of the last century. It is too early to say whether *Life Studies* is great art. Enough, for the moment, to realize that it is inescapably encompassing art.

Germany: A Miracle Unproved

THE DEATH AND LIFE OF GERMANY: An Account of the American Occupation. By Eugene Davidson. Alfred A. Knopf. 422 pp. $5.75.

Robert G. L. Waite

EUGENE DAVIDSON, president of the Foundation for Foreign Affairs, has undertaken the prodigious task of writing the history of Germany since World War II. In ten years, a demoralized, starving, freezing and despised people has, apparently, become a prosperous, stable and respected nation. In 1946, one hundred out of every three hundred West German children died during their first year. Ten years later, the *Bundestag* debated whether Western Germany should establish a German Point Four program to help underdeveloped countries. In 1945, Frenchmen joined with Americans and British to vow that Ger-

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mans would never again bear arms. Within a dozen years, French troops were serving under German generals. Seldom in history has there been so dramatic a transformation in the life and fortunes of a country.

The author has brought industry and patience to his formidable task of describing and explaining the "German miracle." He has collected a huge mass of statistical data. He has read widely in government publications, the German press and in monographic studies. He has interviewed Generals Clay and Heusinger, Messrs. Conant and McCloy, Willi Brandt and Karl Jaspers; he has talked with hundreds of Germans. This spadework is impressive, but unfortunately the quality of the final product does not reflect the industry of the research.

THE book lacks form and is deficient in interpretation. Mr. Davidson, having elected to write a chronological account, finds himself unable to abide by the time sequence. In the chapter on the Berlin Blockade, for example, he jumps from Soviet pressures on Berlin to American dismantling of German industry, back to Berlin, then forward to the creation of the Bonn government (a topic that is picked up two chapters later); he hurries back to Berlin again and then — in the middle of the exciting story of the airlift — suddenly and inexplicably records the indisputable but strikingly irrelevant fact that America and Britain stopped coal shipments to France in 1948 because the French refused to return the coal cars. Despite such narrative chaos, Mr. Davidson does make real contributions in his responsible resumé of American occupational policy from Morgenthau to Conant and in his informative treatment of the uprising of June 17, 1953.

The lack of interpretation is as serious as the lack of form, and recalls Carl Becker's warning: "To establish the facts is always in order, and is indeed the first duty of the historian; but to suppose that the facts . . . will 'speak for themselves' is an illusion." The impression Mr. Davidson leaves is that he has collected the raw materials for an excellent study but has not taken the time to organize and interpret his evidence. Statistics of calories consumed, of steel produced, of houses built, of opinion polls taken are not enough in themselves to paint the "human story" of the German recovery promised by the dust jacket. It is certainly relevant to quote excerpts from the German press in order to reach conclusions about German attitudes toward the occupying forces; but it is disappointing to read Mr. Davidson's summation of these excerpts: "As in previous years, [in 1954] the attitude of the press toward the Americans was ambivalent." Facts are given about the color of the new German army uniform, the shape of the helmet and the style of combat boots. But, apart from making the important point that the German Army is now — at so long a last — under civilian control, Mr. Davidson reflects not at all about the foreign or domestic consequences of German rearmament. The Basic Law of the Bonn government is carefully outlined, the names of the political parties and their leaders are dutifully recorded; but one looks in vain for a meaningful discussion of the dynamics and difficulties of German politics or for conclusions about Germany's political health or the extent of her commitment to democracy.

AMID the scattered references to Chancellor Adenauer, one can find no evaluation of *Der Alte's* stewardship; no conclusions about the system of government which worried German liberals call "Adenauer's Democraturship." Again, the author is aware of the importance of German labor. He collects statistics about the number of strikes, the productivity by man hours; he notes the patience and industry and discipline of German workers. But he does not commit himself on the political and social impact of the laboring community on German life. He shows statistically that many of the old guard are back in the bureaucracy and in industry, but does not discuss the very important subject of contemporary German social structure and social tensions. He carefully lists the names of neo-Nazi publications, but does not analyze their contents; he does not delve into the complex question of revived nationalism. He is aware that education is crucial to the development of new attitudes of mind and systems of values, but spends very little time evaluating the problems and tendencies in contemporary German education.

The reader has the right to expect that a book dealing with the German problem and published in 1959 will have a great deal to say about the role of Germany in the diplomatic, strategic and ideological conflict between East and West. Mr. Davidson starts talking about contemporary Soviet policy, but then shifts quickly to list statistics of the number of refugees, and the comparative prices of pork in East and West Germany. After noting that political purges take place in Eastern Germany, he suddenly announces — in the next breath — that Western Germany will build her future policy on an alliance with the West.

It is impossible to detect any clearly developed thesis in Mr. Davidson's book. Indeed the most provocative conclusion is supplied by the publishers who advertise the book as the story of "the remarkable ten years that transformed a defeated . . . enemy nation into a healthy, prosperous and firm ally." Maybe so. But one must accept that conclusion pretty much on faith alone — and not on the basis of any sustained argument presented in this book. Mr. Davidson's facts do indeed show that Germany is prosperous. But before we can accept the crucial conclusion that Germany is also a healthy society and a firm ally, we need a type of critical, interpretive analysis that is not offered in this study.

Mr. Davidson has written a conscientious, cautious and data-filled book that will serve as a useful reference work for a study of recent German history. A definitive discussion of the "German miracle" has yet to be written.

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Matter of Taste

A ROCKEFELLER FAMILY PORTRAIT. From John D. to Nelson. By William Manchester. Little, Brown & Co. 184 pp. $3.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

WILLIAM MANCHESTER wrote a good book on Mencken and one of the first and best novels—*City of Anger*—to deal with the demoralized and disengaged generation, now so fashionable. The criticism I've read by him is both lively and mature. To some degree he seems to have filled Mencken's shoes down in Baltimore where he lives. At least he has given the town one of its most interesting writers in a long time. There isn't anything drastically wrong with his present book, but I do wish he hadn't written it. In the preface he says that he had already finished the manuscript of the complete book when Nelson Rockefeller announced his candidacy

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for the governorship and, besides, had written several chapters for *Holiday* and *Harper's* long before. I believe him, but the book has an unpleasant resemblance to a campaign pamphlet.

Something like Voltaire's deity, if *Time* did not exist it would have to be invented to put Nelson Rockefeller on its cover. Public life, private life, domestic life, physical appearance, hobbies and clubs, he is the Platonic Idea of the Cover Story Man. Not only is he the New Capitalism personified (hypostatized is the correct word), but he is The Bad Old Days stood on their head in two generations. Most of our Presidential timber has been processed, machine-tooled, sandpapered and varnished by Madison Avenue to the point where the original substance has completely vanished — to the point, in fact, where I doubt it can any longer be found, in the case of Mr. Rockefeller's chief rival, even by the subject himself. Nelson Rockefeller doesn't need Madison Avenue; he has done a far better job on himself. Truth soars beyond reality, into regions where dogs and mortgages and even Architects of Victory are unnecessary. Is he really that good? William Manchester certainly does nothing to blot the scutcheon. I wonder. Maybe he is, but I have a hunch that Lincoln Steffens or Matthew Josephson or even H. L. Mencken might have written a different book.

SOMETHING is wrong, something is out of perspective. Manchester makes old John D. sound like a lovable curmudgeon out of Dickens, a Baptist combination of David Harum and Get Rich Quick Wallingford. The Ludlow Massacre was just an accident, an oversight, something that happened way off in a minor bit of property when nobody was looking. Was it? Also, you get the idea from William Manchester that Ludlow converted John D., Jr. from just another poor little rich boy into a twentieth-century William Penn. Did it? Again, Nelson was very much around when the State Department and the New Capitalism, so different from the Bad Old Days of Dollar Diplomacy, was winning the wrong kind of friends and influencing people very much for the worse between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn. Manchester says that all these pigeons winging their way home to roost from across the Caribbean are not now and never have been pets of Nelson Rockefeller. This may be so. In fact the whole splendid picture may be absolutely veridical, bona fide, authentic and indisputable, but I do wish, since it really is a revolutionary thesis, it had been just a little bit better documented. Rosa Luxemburg, Hobson, Lenin or Veblen, I don't doubt for a moment but that they are all getting frightfully dated, but there is something about *Holiday*, even something about *Harper's*, something about the prose style they like, something about the kind of facts they like featured — I don't really think they are the ideal media for such tremendous *bouleversements* in sociology and economics. William Manchester can be, when he wants, a very good writer. There is just something about the circumstances that makes this a slightly vulgar book. I don't doubt him, mind you, it's just that some of the turns of his prose make my teeth grate.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

A LONG LETTER has arrived from the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research of the University of California, requesting "cooperation in the study of creative architects." An enclosed list names sixty-four architects, and the letter explains that a dozen architectural editors and writers, including me, are being asked to rearrange these names in diminishing order of greatest creativity, one through sixty-four. "Since you all know each other," writes Mr. Donald W. McKinnon in the letter, "may I ask that each of you make your rankings independently?"

Forty of these architects have already undergone weekends of testing and psychological probing in the personality laboratories at Berkeley 4, Calif. (One telephoned me when he came back: "I think my id needs reupholstering today. Can you have lunch?") In addition to architects, an untold number of "creative writers, painters, musical composers, engineers, research scientists, mathematicians and theoretical physicists" also are being tested and explored.* At the end of five and a half years, the University of California hopes to have learned something about what makes creative bombs tick. I can predict one explosion. American industrial designers, the loudest tickers of them all, who are also great believers in psychological testing and frequent customers of testers, are going to be angrier than springtime at having been left out of this.

*See "Vivisection of a Poet" by Kenneth Rexroth, *The Nation*, Dec. 14, 1957.

TO CHANGE the subject only a little, another group of selecters, The American Federation of Arts, recently took on a more difficult job of rating. They narrowed the architectural field to thirteen, which, as it turns out, seems either too few, or too many. Their selection, a show called "Form Givers at Mid-Century," spent the summer at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and will open again for a month at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts on September 22. After that it will be shown at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts, the Richmond Museum of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, and then, with perhaps additional way stops, will move on to Des Moines, Seattle, Portland and finally San Francisco in January of 1961. The show, which appeared first at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, includes photographs in black and white and in color, and a number of beautiful models. May they survive the journey.

The architects chosen were Frank Lloyd Wright, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Walter Gropius, Richard J. Neutra, Alvar Aalto, Marcel Breuer, Wallace K. Harrison, Philip C. Johnson, the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, Eero Saarinen, Edward Durell Stone and R. Buckminster Fuller. *Time* magazine, or more specifically, associate editor Cranston Jones, got the show together with designer Gyorgy Kepes. Faced with awkward casting in terms of people *not* included among the thirteen crammed under the Victorian umbrella of the title (if Fuller, why not Nervi? If Johnson, why not Niemeyer? If Stone, why not Yamasaki? If Harrison, why not Kahn? If Breuer, why not Rudolph? etc.), they did an effective and a discreet job.

Outstanding in the collection are a set of color pictures of Le Corbusier's concrete chapel at Ronchamp — a presentation that makes all the others in this show seem almost inarticulate. This

WALTER McQUADE is an architect and writer (author of the recent Schoolhouse, *a study of contemporary school construction). This column is the second of a new department in which he will discuss architecture and related design subjects.*

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building offers a lot. It is not just intellectually good; it is alive. Its inexplicable sculptural shape has a new beauty (Le Corbusier says the curved roof is supposed to imitate the horizon in this hilly district, but that's only what he says). Its coarse concrete walls have passionate strength. Above all, it gives a living sense of one man's creative talent. It shows instantaneously what it is that makes Le Corbusier's work particularly potent to the young architects of the world — its unpredictability. He is not logical, but mysterious. They cannot know what material he may seize next and bring back alive, as he has bulky concrete. He is to be watched jealously.

SOME of the other buildings shown have the same compelling vitality as the Ronchamp chapel, although their quality is not conveyed so well in this exhibition. Wright's Taliesin West, in Arizona, long horizontal shapes wedded to the desert, is lyrical in a magnificently romantic way. In contrast, Mies van der Rohe's Lake Shore Drive Apartments in Chicago are a pair of vertical buildings so perfectly drawn that they tighten your jaw in admiration. They are the modern kind of poetry: plain words, precisely conveyed, but remote in their significance and very moving.

Next to these titans of architecture, the work of some of the others in the show seems a little self-conscious and assertive. Even the buildings of Gropius and his associates in The Architects Collaborative betray the pressure that success has put on modern architecture to go further than it is really ready to go as yet. Gropius' earlier designs, the Bauhaus at Dessau in Germany (1926) and the Fagus Factory near Alfeld (1911), are a dry, hard architecture. But his newest commissions—the campus he and his associates have designed for the University of Baghdad and the United States Embassy for Athens, both shown in drawings — seem to lose the savor of the old recipe by drenching it in sauce: pretty but forceless arches, decorative screens, etc. Nobody will deny that Gropius has been a "Form-Giver," but the point is not well made in a show of this type. Perhaps it couldn't be. His contribution to modern architecture has been even more elusive than any kind of physical beauty; it has been his continuous exposition and teaching of the idea.

If this exhibition had been wider, or crueler, in its selection of architects, it might have given a more contemporary message. The presence of the more eccentric architects is missed, the younger designers who politely refuse the teaching of any of the "Form-Givers" except Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier — and who influence one another. There is more vitality mong them, if a little less prestige. Too many of the architects shown seem merely to be annoyed with what they have been doing in the past, and resolved to loosen the reins of their functional training. Like ordinary men, they are form-triers, not form-givers.

Three who do not show annoyance are R. Buckminster Fuller, who is less an architect than a visionary mechanic; Alvar Aalto, who keeps hammering away at his handsome natural buildings in Finland, and Richard Neutra. Apart from Le Corbusier, Neutra probably comes off better than anyone else in this exhibition. The University of California's questionnaire defines architectural creativity as "the capacity of an individual to express himself in the vocabulary of architecture." A typical Neutra house included in the show, the John Ramos residence built in San Pedro, California, in 1958, is a beautifully lucid voicing of that capacity. Neutra's thin-edged, exquisitely tough planes are true to the clear architectural vision he has shown us for many years, and they still cut. His structures are a triumph of precise intuition, the creative architect's real equipment. He underplays his individuality, but you are strongly aware of it in this exhibition. That is not always true of Saarinen, Breuer, Johnson, or Stone. With them, you sometimes have a sense of individuality victimized by artistic ambitiousness.

AMBITIOUSNESS, or impatience, or annoyance, may, of course, be the natural attitude for creative architects at present. For this exhibition indicates that functionalism as a movement is so bored with itself that it is slowly exploding — like a slowed-down newsreel of the demolition of a dam — without being displaced by another movement or discipline. This makes the individual architect very important today, for he has no "academy" left, only his own resources. Perfect taste and detailing no longer can produce a satisfactory design. Gone is the restrictive awe for industrialism in architecture which has purified and narrowed it for several decades, forbidding such elements in building design as memory, humor, the echo of nature, or voluptuousness. (No wonder Le Corbusier dropped steel for concrete!) The new demand is all for individual expression, but who has anything to say?

The answer in this show is easy: Mies van der Rohe, Wright and Le Corbusier, who have always been basically personal in their designs. Le Corbusier is like a fine cognac, given new depth by age. Wright's work is as rich and lively as the Irish whiskey he used to sample at lunch at the Plaza. Van der Rohe has the tang of triple-distilled gin. Neutra and Aalto remain fine wines; and Buckminster Fuller is a vitamin tonic. But while some of Saarinen's and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill's work is good bourbon, which will perhaps develop with time into great, there is also too much ice cream soda in this show to make it prophetic in any really form-giving way.

The Old Order

When my grandfather, small and neat,
Prayer shawl-wrapped, silk hat-crowned,
Faced the congregation beside the
Black-robed rabbi towering,
Cantor and choir singing,
When my small grandfather pulled the cord
Drew back the veil before the Ark
Scrolls of the Law in red velvet disclosing,
Crown of Rimmonim, shield of Tass,
Ivory Yad godward pointing,
When the rabbi raised the Sefer Torah
Its silver bells tinkling as he said,
"This is the Torah that God gave through Moses
To the Children of Israel";
And handed the Torah to my grandfather
Who held it aloft that the standing
Congregation might see, might walk
In the light of the Lord—
Then the vaulted dome in the synagogue's roof
Filled with white radiance
And the Voice of the Lord spoke glowingly:
"Nicholas, my son, mark the favor and esteem
In which I hold your grandfather."

NICHOLAS BIEL

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THEATRE in MEXICO

Stanley Meisler

MEXICO CITY'S Concordia, a restaurant doubling as a playhouse, introduced me to Mexican theatre. As I approached the place, several young people were milling about on the street in front, including a huge ruffian with a black eye. Spotting him, I thought that excursions to the Mexican stage were perhaps not for me. But, suddenly, he pushed open the door and jumped into the restaurant, the others rushing after him. My ruffian and his friends were actors waiting for their cues during the evening's first performance of *Las cosas simples* (The Simple Things), a play by a twenty-seven-year-old Mexican, Hector Mendoza.

Inside, watching the second performance, I discovered that mistaking actors for spectators was part of the production's charm. The play was about life in a diner near a college, and the Concordia looked just like that. The actors performed around a luncheon counter and five tables in front, while the audience munched their supper and followed the play from the other twenty-five tables. At times the actors moved into the audience to borrow a napkin or ask for a match — on one occasion, to kiss a bald patron on the head. The Concordia and *Las cosas simples*, which evoked a Saroyanesque atmosphere, are not entirely typical of Mexican theatre, but they offered a promise that the Mexican stage bristled with vitality. Several weeks of theatre-going have fulfilled that promise.

Less than ten years ago, Mexico City had only three theatres, offering a smattering of the world's drama, mostly Spanish classics, rarely anything native. Now there are about thirty theatres, many of them comfortable, well-equipped, modern houses. On any night, I had a choice of fifteen to twenty plays. During 1958, producers offered fifty-five professional shows, thirteen by Mexican playwrights, eight by Spanish and, in translation, ten by French, nine by American and eight by English. Italian and Dutch plays were also performed. A spot check of attendance six years ago revealed the dismal total of 14,000 people attending all the city's theatres in a three-month period. A recent survey for the same period showed a total "house" of 450,000.

Three factors have triggered this dramatic spurt. A middle class has emerged out of Mexico's stability in the past few decades, and it is willing to buy tickets for a wide variety of plays: Shakespeare and French bedroom farces, Arthur Miller and young Mexican writers, *The House of Bernarda Alba* and *Make a Million*. In the late forties, a pair of producers opened a clean, comfortable, intimate basement theatre, which seated eighty. It attracted the new audience, the idea caught on, and small theatres began popping up throughout the city. And, perhaps most important, at about the same time the government set up the National Institute of Fine Arts, which has built larger theatres, formed an acting school, encouraged young playwrights and mounted some of the country's most skilled productions.

ACTIVE craftsmen, not political hacks, direct the government's hand. I had a talk one morning with fifty-five-year-old Salvador Novo, the head of the institute's theatre department — a tall, affable, nattily-dressed man, who is an active playwright, director and translator, both for government and commercial theatre. Thirty years ago he and other young stage people formed a small, *avant-garde* theatre that tried to tear Mexico away from its Spanish classic tradition. They failed then, but Novo has not forgotten his youthful experience and, from his government position, he continually encourages young Mexican playwrights and directors to break new ground.

Novo is glibly optimistic about the future of Mexican drama. He believes that two playwrights, thirty-five-year-old Sergio Magana and thirty-four-year-old Emilio Carballido, are good enough to have productions in New York, London or Paris. American plays have had the most influence on Magana and Carballido; they and the other young Mexican writers deal with the social problems of Mexico, not in the manner of social protesters but in the manner of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller. "It is the poetical treatment of vulgar subjects," Novo said. He added that Mexican playwrights cannot support themselves on plays alone. They teach, act, direct and write for newspapers. On the other hand, the combined demand of theatre, movies and television has created a shortage of actors.

Novo feels that commercial theatre has a severe financial handicap in Mexico City. First of all, there is a government limit on price. No house can charge more than 14 pesos ($1.12) for a ticket. And there has been a steady increase in union wages, for both actors and stagehands. Even by offering two performances a night and keeping the budget for sets low, few producers make a profit. Yet new plays are launched almost every week. Who does the investing? "Crazy people," Novo answered, "as in theatre everywhere."

No play of Carballido was on the boards during my trip, but I did catch a revival of Magana's *Los signos del zodiac* (The Signs of the Zodiac), which first startled Mexico City audiences eight years ago. Magana's play was at the Teatro del Bosque, one of a complex of theatres recently built by the government in Chapultepec Park. Besides the Bosque, the group includes the 18,000-seat National Auditorium, a children's theatre, a school of acting and the Granero, a 200-seat arena theatre, which was offering a brilliant production of N. Richard Nash's *The Rainmaker*. The Bosque, which seats a little more than a thousand, has a large proscenium stage and rows of orchestra seats that ramp upward toward the back; there are no balconies. In general, the façades of these theatres are architecturally disappointing. They look bulky, hastily put together, like huge blocks of cement decorated here and there with plate glass and neon marquees. But inside the plants are efficient, comfortable and active.

Los signos del zodiac, which somewhat resembles Elmer Rice's *Street*

STANLEY MEISLER is a Washington newspaper man and occasional contributor to critical and political journals.

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Scene, uncovers the interrelated lives of several neighbors living in one of Mexico City's patio tenement houses. But the atmosphere is all Tennessee Williams: a caldron of love, youth, poverty, vulgarity, violence and symbolism. The actors performed realistically, without the bombast of the old Spanish theatre. At times they did seem to produce more emotion than would American actors in similar situations, but they were, after all, portraying Latins. Since this was a government show, the budget allowed an elaborate set designed by Julio Prieto. Action took place on several levels in the various cut-out, crowded apartments. All in all, I found the production, directed by Novo, moving and powerful, up to international standards of professional theatre. But a young, middle-class Mexican friend, who accompanied me, complained about the subject matter. "Very crude," he said. Magana may be moving too fast for some members of his genteel audience.

FOR others he may be moving too slowly. "*The Signs of the Zodiac* was all right eight years ago," Juan Jose Gurrola said in a tiny coffee shop one afternoon, "but we need something new now." Gurrola is a twenty-four-year-old, cherub-faced student of architecture who has attracted attention with his direction of plays for the national university. The university offers theatre courses but has no theatre department; instead, it gives money to drama groups organized by the students themselves. Gurrola, who had had some professional acting experience, talked some of his fellow architectural students into setting up a group. With university money, they present plays that receive as much notice from the city's drama critics as do commercial shows. The critic in *Excelsior* had just described Gurrola's direction as "antitheatre," and the pleased young director said that the word classified his work perfectly. He was trying to break down traditional forms and create something new. Something new, he quickly added, for Mexico, not for the rest of the world, which had seen his techniques years before in the works of such playwrights as Ionesco.

Since the university's new theatre had not been completed, Gurrola's group was presenting two short plays by twenty-nine-year-old Hector Azar at El Caballito, a small, old, downtown house. *La Appassionata* told a tragic story in comic, exaggerated tones: a mother kills herself and her impoverished family by poisoning their dinner, thus prompting her oldest son, who had died years before, to return and take everyone home to live with him. Some of Gurrola's effects included an unbalanced family dinner table that slopes upward so that the father can sit high and face the audience, clown-like make up, a speeded-up recording of *La Traviata* as background music, and the entrance and exit of the actors through the set's painted furniture to create the atmosphere of an overcrowded home. Gurrola used a different style for the second play, *El alfarero* (The Potter), which, by a maze of flashbacks, describes the life of a peasant born of an unwed mother.

Veiled in shadow, the set, although naturalistic, comprises props for three scenes: the shack of the peasant, the pulpit of a church and the bedroom of the mother. I found the play dark, heavy-handed and confusing.

Although Gurrola advertised his plays for the general public, the audience had more sweaters than suits; it included almost no one but students. At other theatres, I found that Mexico City playgoers generally are young, middle class and fashionable, very similar to the crowds at New York's off-Broadway theatres. There are exceptions. The small audience that came to see Fernando Soler in a tepid comedy seemed older than the others, perhaps because Soler, the dean of Mexican actors, had amassed his following over many years. And, surprisingly, the huge crowd at *Mi bella dama*, the Spanish version of *My Fair Lady*, had many people of a lower economic class; whole families attended, including sleeping fathers and chattering children. The music of this American show apparently has filtered to all parts of Mexican society.

But the touchstone of Mexican theatre, of course, lies in Mexican plays by Mexican writers. Allan Lewis, a teacher of playwrighting in Mexico City, recently wrote that these writers "have a sort of pre-Renaissance quality . . . paving the way for a Marlowe or a Ben Jonson." Lewis' description fits the atmosphere perfectly, for Mexican theatre has a sense of turbulence and vitality, and even, perhaps, future greatness.

The NATION

Color Scheme

Out here above the bay
on a crazy perch
my cottage hugs the cliff.
I watch the ship
white on a lead sea
or single slant sail
in the wind; my bed-sheet
makes another on the terrace.
The gull's wings
cut white arcs
over slate waves.
On the volcano's flank
a smear of snow;
my window
tufted in crevices
with cotton wads
plays its part. Only
I am aware of
dominance of gray, so white
merely smudges sea & sky
irritatingly, like stains.
Petulant, I stare
at washing flap & wing flap
& sail & snow & ship.

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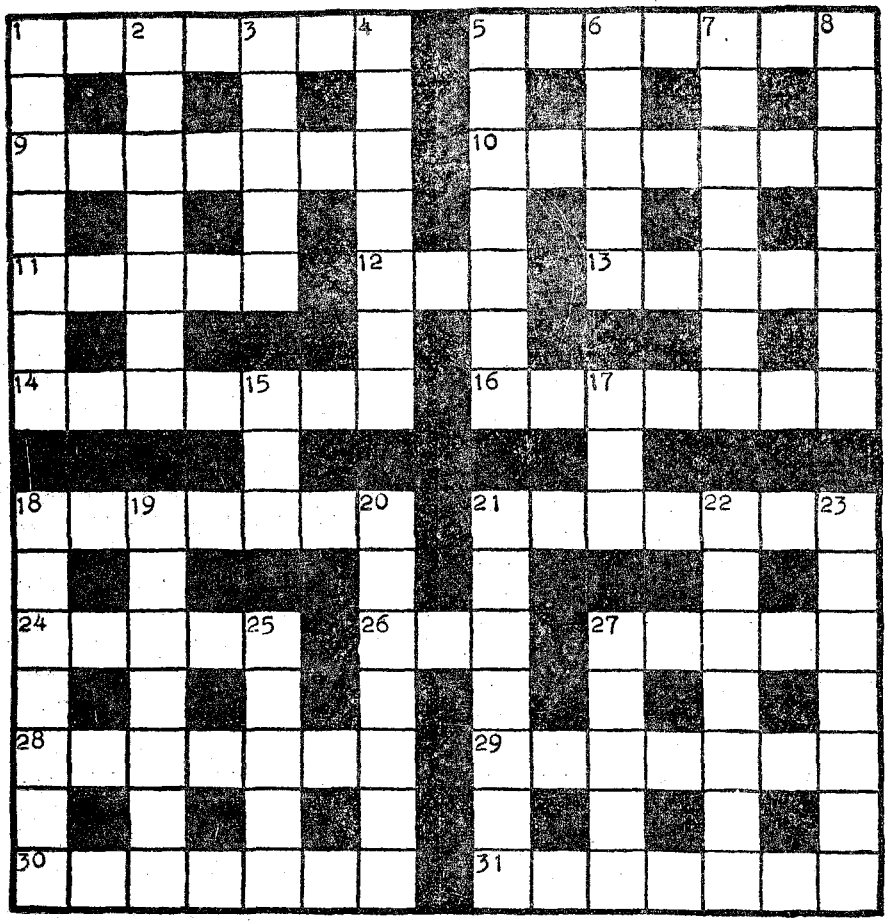
Crossword Puzzle No. 834

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 6 down, and 27 across Evidently time for the guard to take his stint in solving a mystery. (3, 4, 2, 3, 5)
5 One way to throw a body by gathering around. (7)
9 What some people forgive in prayer, but not spring locks. (7)
10 A number to bury inside for example. (7)
11 Not the most important sort of stories. (5)
12 and 24 Predicaments mischievous animals find themselves in. (8)
14 Should it record events for twelve days? (4, 3)
16 Might leave its card in extreme circumstances. (7)
18 Flops like some birds. (7)
21 and 13 Eleven's debts might be seen in the coming issue. (7, 5)
26 It's certainly not a Western band that starts the funeral service. (3)
28 Mounting assistance, perhaps. (7)
29 Most women hope not to be winning.
31 An overenthusiastic one might put a 27 down on the 25 down. (7)

DOWN:

1 What a score might be used for is completely presented. (7)
2 Would a pupil be forward here to look over the festivities? (7)
3 Cap size, leaving no room for space.
4 Situation in which the clutch may be occupied? (7)
5 Got a head by chance, excited by the talk of youth. (7)
7 A little this may breed mischief, according to Franklin. (7)
8 A nuisance in spoiled grain, queer though it may be. (7)
15 Protection, generally speaking. (3)
17 Die with a stroke during the service? (3)
18 Start in to make the crossing. (7)
19 Delay concerning will, when ill. (7)
20 Brake plug. (7)
21 and 30 Van can't raise children at either end. (5, 2, 3, 4)
22 Its star is of Gibraltar and Malacca, for example. (7)
23 Go ahead and place a bet for the old girl! (7)
25 Did Koussevitzky use such material? (5)
27 Liking to be eminent? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 833

ACROSS: 1 Thorax; 4 Sweaters; 10, 16, 1 down, 5, 26, 25, 23 and 28 across Ezekiel Saw the Wheel Way Up in the Middle of the Air; 11 Yielded; 12 Horse; 13 Tip; 14 Bowie; 15 Ernes; 17 Empowers; 29 Typee; 30 Dwindle; 31 Yellows; 32 Eldorado; 33 Prates.
DOWN: 2 Overrun; 3 Arise; 6 Acerb; 7 Endower; 8 and 21 Sadder but wiser; 9 Blotters; 18 Portrays; 19 Woo; 20 Reverses; 22 Untried; 24 Taproot; 27 Eider; 28 Amend; 29 Tiler.

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